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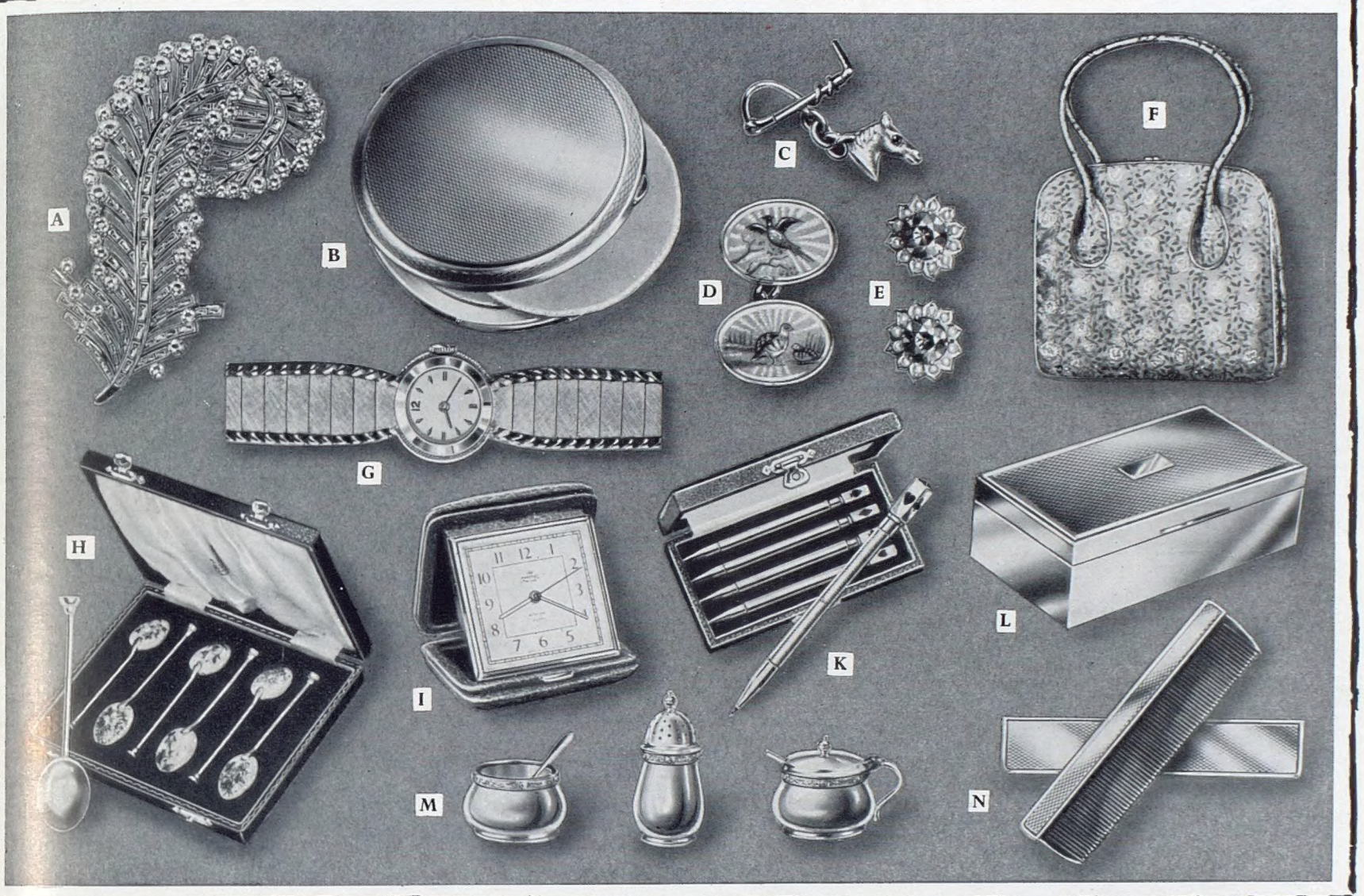

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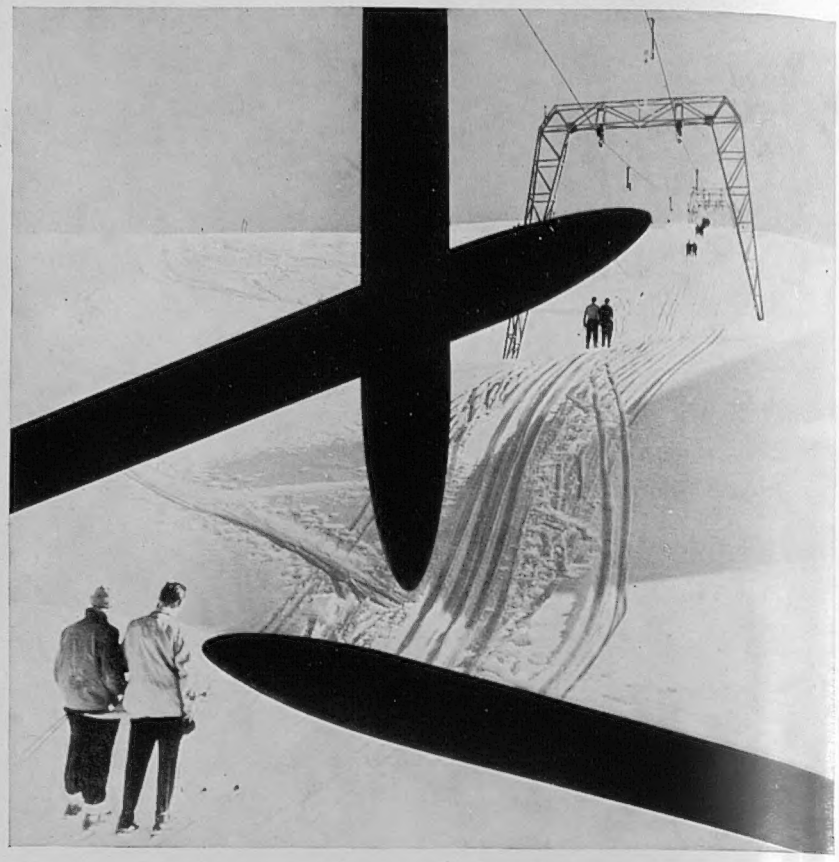

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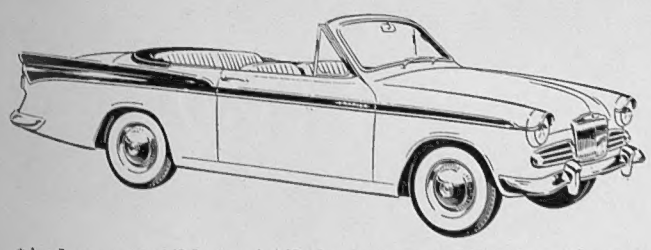

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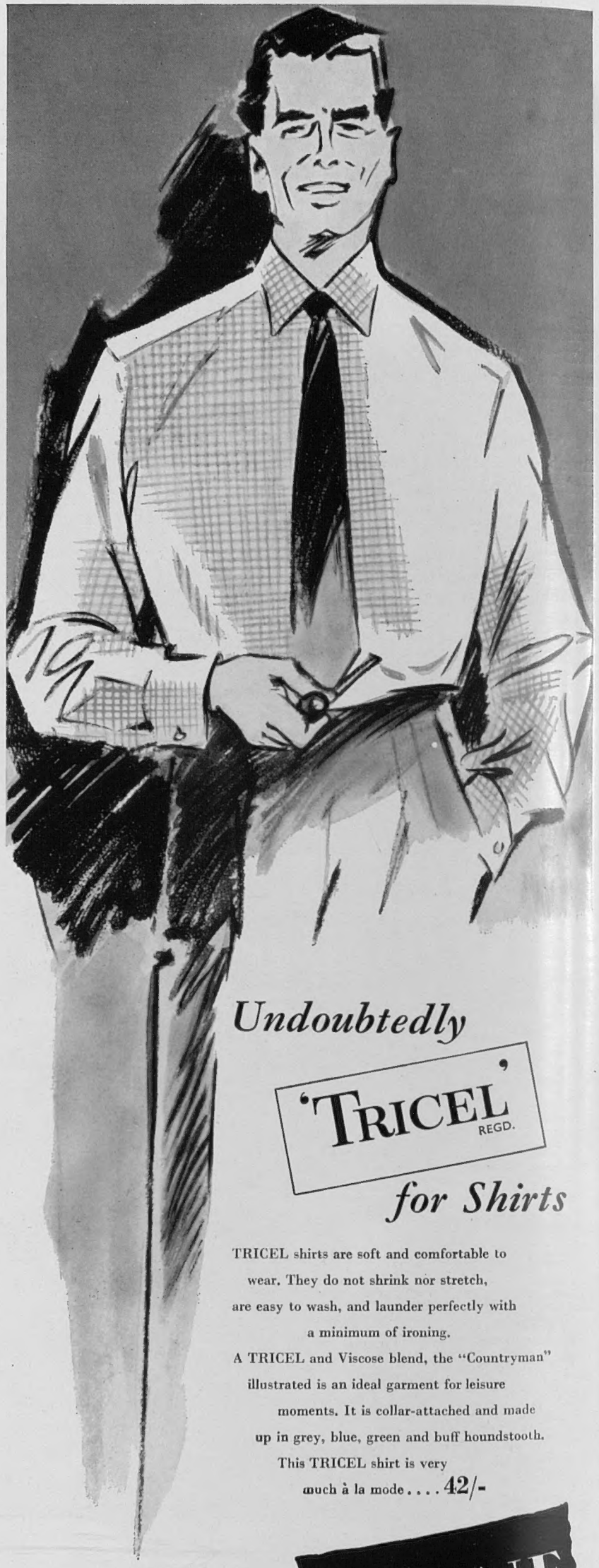

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Volume CCXXXV No. 3062

The SPHERE, London, December 6, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE ROUT OF THE COMMUNISTS—GENERAL DE GAULLE VOTES IN THE SECOND BALLOT OF THE FRENCH ELECTIONS: He is placing his paper in the box in the village of Colombey-Les-Deux-Eglises. The result of the voting last Sunday brought disaster to the French Communist Party, no more than ten of its candidates being returned to the new Chamber. Its previous Parliamentary representation had been 142. The most successful party was the Union for the New Republic, which won 188 seats.

Under the new constitution the French General Elections took place in two stages. In the first ballot the only candidates elected were those who obtained an absolute majority over all their rivals. In the second ballot, which was taken last Sunday, election went to the name at the top of the poll, irrespective of the size of the majority. In between the two polling days many candidates withdrew. As expected, the final result showed a resounding victory for supporters of General de Gaulle. M. Soustelle's organisation, the Union for the New Republic (U.N.R.), emerged with the most seats—188—and next in size was the bloc of Right-wing Independents and Moderates (132 seats). Socialists dropped from 95 in the previous Parliament to 40 in the new Chamber and Radicals were down from 84 to 37. Many prominent figures in various parties failed to win election. Most significant of all was the eclipse of the Communists, who were successful in only ten constituencies. The Chamber meets for the first time on Monday next (December 8) to elect the Speaker and other officials. Its next official task will be to join with other popular representatives to elect a new President.

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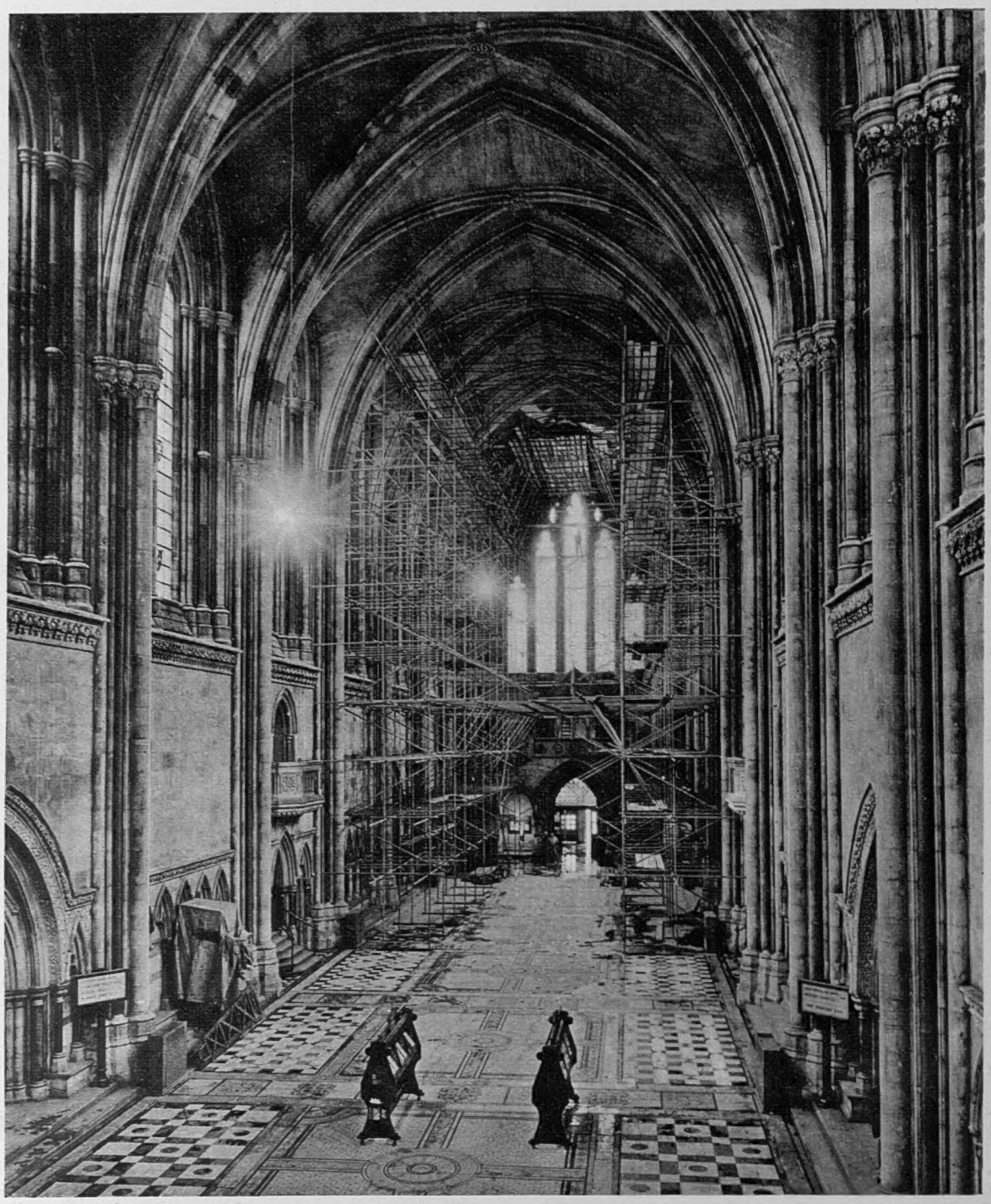


CLEANING THE LAW COURTS IN LONDON : Scaffolding is erected in the Great Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand. It is thought to be the first time since the buildings were opened by Queen Victoria in 1882 that the Hall has been cleaned. The work is estimated to take about ten or twelve weeks to complete.

A London Newsletter

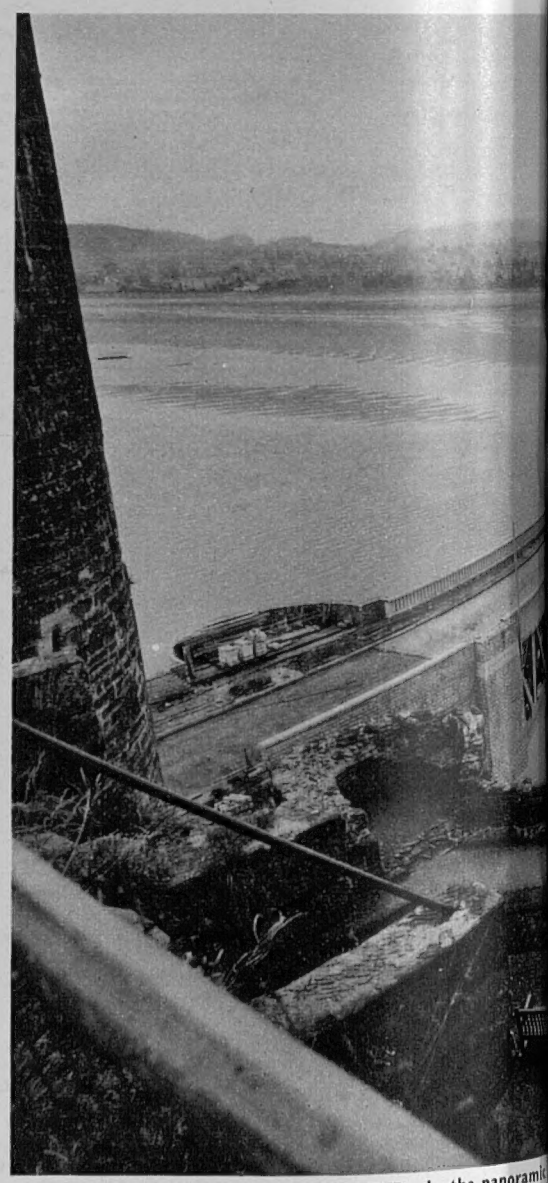
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Guided Missile for Electors.—The Premier, the Government and Tory candidates at by-elections certainly possess a good card in that beautiful simplification which goes down to the constituencies to cheer and comfort the Tory interest and to confound and silence the Socialists : " Another spell of Socialist rule would halt our splendid progress and bring back a succession of financial crises. Extravagant expenditure would greatly increase taxation, and we should come again to beg from America, hat in hand, to save us from mass unemployment, as under Socialist rule. To-day we stand on our own feet, pay our way. We have earned a surplus of £1,400,000,000 against the deficit of £800,000,000 left by the Socialists." This is a jewel, and though a simplification so brief can never tell the whole truth, it usually contains a germ of it—and this one should be useful at by-elections and not out of date (we hope) at the next General Election. The craftsman who set that jewel knew his trade. Jewels are meant for display, and this one must (and does) illumine the fogbound hustings " like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," or " on the forefinger of an Alderman."

Labour's Answer.—The Socialists' answer to the Tory guided missile is a pretty prospectus of the future Labour offers you. " Money is no object " in producing it and not a very lucid subject in its composition. It is a sugar-coated pill, for the icing lies thick on many of the Party's Leftish ideals and *sine quâ nons*. The municipalisation of housing, for example, is set out to enable any interpretation you please to be put upon it. Nationalisation is left in the air, after a more or less specific promise to " extend public control " over some hundreds of privately-owned firms. As for education, the grammar schools, after all, are invited to sleep quiet in their beds and merely prepare to make room for some new bedfellows. As for the Tory warning of higher taxation and more financial crises, there is not a word of truth in it. The future offered us will be for our good and safe in Socialist hands, and all that Mr. Gaitskell is preparing for us—most of which we must take on trust—can be ours for the expenditure of faith and votes; not money. Increased productivity obtained by waving a wand will pay for all. A danger to the Socialists from their own new prospectus is the possibility that several of their nostrums will be implemented under Tory Government before they themselves have the power to wave the wand. If so, there must be a second edition before the next General Election date is announced. But this is the season when Christmas numbers and " glossies " come into their own, and the Socialists have produced a very pretty one. To prove *convincing*, it must do rather better and go rather deeper into logistics than did the glib and smug promises of Labour's big six in their TV party political broadcast last week. That was " telling the (fairy) tale " with knobs on.

Wolfenden.—Very properly, the Government gave a day to the airing of Members' personal views on the controversial homosexual issue of the Wolfenden Report and to concerting more immediate measures to implement the less controversial prostitution recommendations. It seems to me, a majority of all parties in the House had decided that the time was not yet ripe for Parliament to take positive action on the former, whatever their private sympathies and views. Despite vigorous propaganda for months by those who favour the homosexual proposal, it is abundantly clear that the country is not yet 30 per cent. convinced of its desirability. The *pro*-propagandists have opened their mouths too wide. Efforts to assure us that *all* sensible people, *all* men and women of intelligence, are with them, still cut no ice, though the two Archbishops have openly favoured the proposed change. The claim implies that the judicial Bench, for instance, is largely recruited by men neither sensible nor intelligent, and it is worth remarking that one of the *pro* arguments is very much a legal question. For my part, I would heartily endorse the view that homosexual tendencies, often idealistic in an early stage, vex and trouble a large proportion of the male (and possibly female) population at various periods of life and that it is a medical problem no less than a legal one to control such tendencies. It is not the only weakness of character which harsh Nature implants in human beings.

Bad Fairies' Birthday Gift.—Hot temper, intemperance, greed, inordinate ambition and egotism, are others, and not uncommon, and it is generally accepted that it is very much the duty of the individual who suffers from them to try to cure and control them without sanction of law, even though these weaknesses were not of his seeking, but the " gifts " of bad fairies active at his birth. The Wolfenden recommendation on homosexual practices is merely an effort to exempt from the duty of eternal discipline one single inherent weakness out of many implanted in human beings by " bad fairies," and it could be argued that a display of gross bad temper or greed in public is as little edifying or desirable as homosexual practices. The Law, it is true, takes no hand to control greed or bad temper or drunkenness, unless they lead to legally accepted offences which may come from other causes. It is clear enough that public opinion is not yet convinced that homosexuality should be driven behind closed doors and permitted, because it may involve special dangers of which the Law takes serious note, such as blackmail and public scandal. It is clear that still, when such events are proved in a public place, public reaction is shocked, not by the publicity of the scene of occurrence but by the act itself. The puzzle over the proposal remains for me, and for millions of moderately well-educated men, and must long remain, and it is not made easier by the Archbishops' backing, which is clearly based on legal expediency, which is the judges' province, rather than on bald morality which is theirs. Yet the Archbishops continue to warn us to control greed, avarice and the rest. But I am glad to believe that many of the speakers in the debate expressed with sincerity and sympathy their views



THE NEW CONWAY BRIDGE IS COMPLETED : In the panoramic two-lane road bridge is on the left. Next to it is the pipe bridge and on the right is a tubular railway bridge.

on this tragic problem, and ended with the unspoken tail-piece : " There, but for the grace of God . . ."

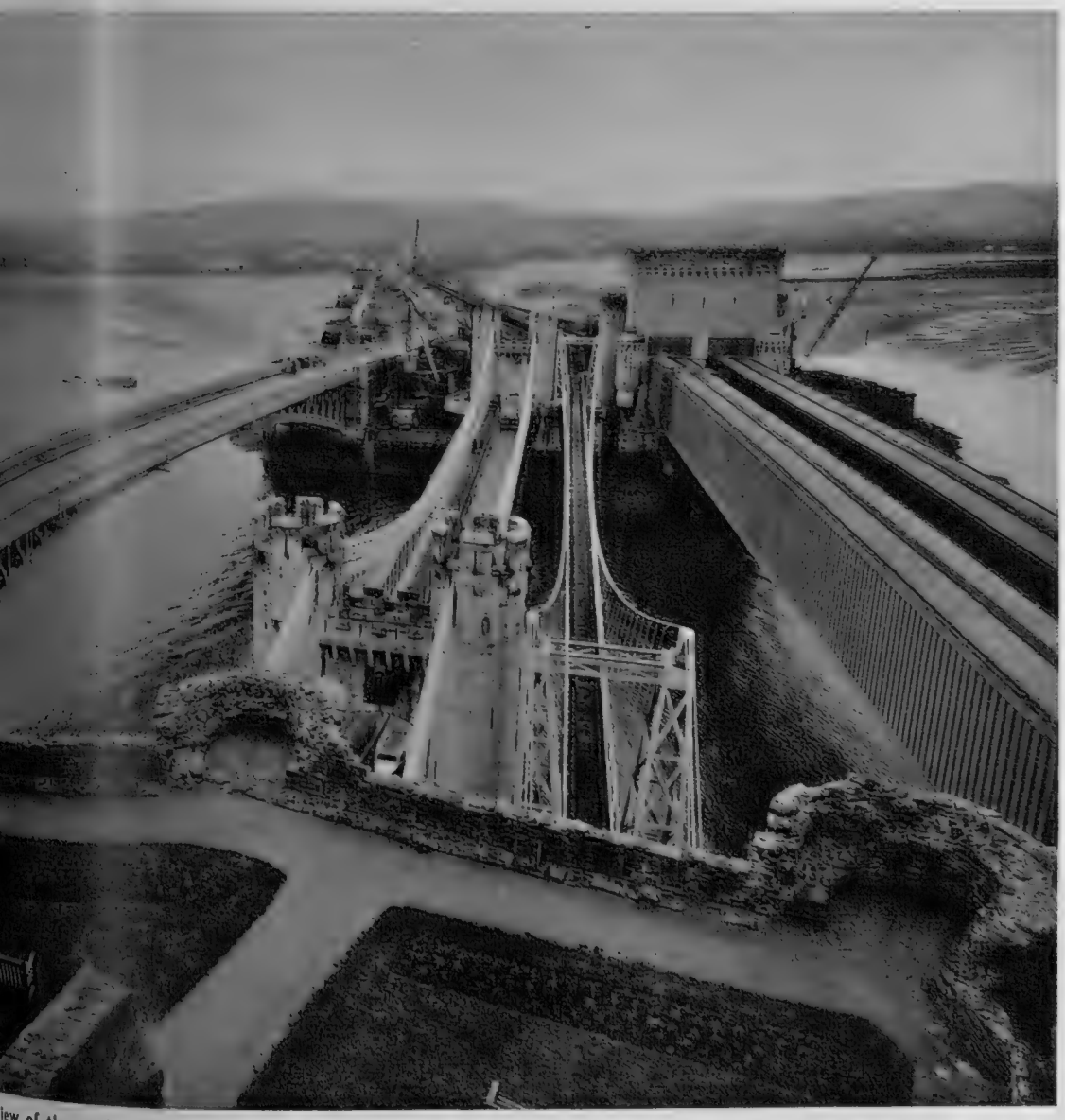
Slump on 'Change.—There are moments when I endorse the harsh things said by Socialists about stockbrokers and Exchanges here and in the States. The Socialists regard these people and places as of no importance at all in national economy and sometimes their vagaries of optimism and pessimism lend colour to the charge. In a week during which Ministers have gloried in the sound condition of our national economy, something like a mild panic seized the Stock Exchange and prices slumped following the lead from America. Whatever the cause, whether unfavourable news from here or there was whispered, or whether optimistic gambling for months had brought second thoughts and anxieties over counters boosted too high on fancied profits, the claim that the Stock Exchange is a play-boy gains some colour. It should be more closely related to economic conditions as they are and less at the mercy of rumour and speculation by amateur or professional operators, and it should have the courage of its own national convictions.

Statuary and Population.—Advised that the Minister of Transport proposed to erect a bronze statue 14 ft. high at London Airport to commemorate the crossing of the Atlantic by R 34 in 1919, the House of Lords debated the matter before turning to debate the safety ceiling of Britain's population. It occurs to me that there may be some connection of ideas between the two debates. For a long time I have felt that in the matter of memorials and the " museumisation " of our small island, greater restraint is needed, alike in bulk and numbers. Lord Brabazon was perhaps unwise to open the first debate with the familiar ridicule of " modern art." Art is good or bad, not old or new, and any other suggestion outrages the intellectuals and creates angry young men. But a vast majority of the noble lords who spoke regarded the proposed memorial as unsuitable to the site and the subject and too bulky, and they frightened Lord Home into a promise to contact the Minister of Transport and persuade him to defer or modify his acceptance of the advice and O.K. of the Air League Council and the Fine Arts Commission on the suitability and " good taste " of the monument.

Room to Expand.—When the Lords turned to discuss the safety margin of our rising population, the responsible Minister refused to be frightened. He assured the House that we could go on increasing our families *ad lib.* and had enough water and farmland to nourish,

GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL IN SESSION : Seated at the President's table, left to right, are: Mr. T. H. Graham, Miss G. McMeekin, Mr. G. J. K. Widgery, Mr. C. P. Harvey, G.C., Sir David Campbell (the President), Mr. W. K. Pyke-Lees, Dr. G. A. Clark, and Dr. E. A. Gregg. Last week, when the General Medical Council celebrated its centenary, ten visitors from oversea medical councils and other bodies attended this special centenary session.

and would soon have enough houses to cherish a still larger population, and we could worry about reclaiming more land and ceasing to filch good farmland and encouraging more emigration, when we had become a good deal thicker on the ground. He spoke so confidently that perhaps he persuaded many lords that there was still plenty of room for a 60,000,000 population to group itself around bulky statuary unrestricted in size and numbers. Not being a lord and not having heard his persuasive voice, I remain unconvinced. I think we are already over-" museumised " and under-nourished with home-grown produce. But I am not rash enough to say that a modern sculpture is nonsense. I confine myself to wishing sometimes that it was smaller and less conspicuous and land-hungry.



iew of the various bridges spanning the river at the seaport of Conway, in Caernarvonshire, North Wales, the new tructure it is replacing, the single-line suspension bridge built by Thomas Telford in 1826. Next to this is a water-he latter was constructed by Robert Stephenson in 1848 and carries the main railway line from Chester.

Treasury Generosity.—When a Liberal candidate recently advised the Chancellor to give the taxpayers a rather clearer idea of what the Government was doing with their money, he doubtless raised an answering cheer. We are somewhat slow to learn by devious ways and deductions that the Treasury *is* becoming increasingly generous in sharing out what it extracts from us, on the principle of " *Sic vos, non vobis, fertis aratra, boves.*" At any rate, the benefits of its generosity are often very long-term for us and that " sixpence off income-tax " seems no closer when we tot up the guarantees of unestimated millions for the nationalised boards, which are not very reliable even as borrowers, for Commonwealth development schemes, for the building scheme, for the new steel mills in Wales and Scotland. The Exchequer, we are told, is in fine shape at the moment, and jingling our guineas in its pocket no doubt induces a mood of optimism and generosity. But if there is a surplus of our money to be let out at interest, we would like to know that the service of the loans will be punctual and the security good. Otherwise, we should prefer to have a little of the surplus handed back to us for personal use in our lifetime. A generous, altruistic Exchequer cannot afford to be dumb or to stave us off with " wait and see." After all, it is *our* money—and a very large slice of what we earn or contribute with sweat and blood.

Grand Wiggery.—I gather from the Agony columns and other Press advertising that a strong campaign is being launched by the perruquiers to induce us all to abandon what natural hair we still possess and to wear wigs. I imagine the appeal is directed to men as well as women, though I never yet saw a man wearing a wig whose secret was not instantly common knowledge. But science is for ever advancing. Women, of course, can hide the telling " dividing-line " with curls and wisps. The fashion, if followed, is admittedly expensive, for the idea is to carry a range of wigs and to match your wig with your frock, pink for pink and white with ermine. For my part, what hair I wear is silky and my own, and, having slowly got used to doing without a warm thatch, I shall resist the wig appeal. In old days when men wore wigs, even full-bottomed, they no doubt needed them for warmth. But in these days of American-scale central heating, in flats and hotels, I should have supposed that any form of wig would be intolerable to bald beginners, inside such hot-houses. But no doubt an old man with bad teeth and a scrubby bald head could transform himself into a young Adonis without selling his soul to the Devil, if he bought an expensive denture and an auburn wig. And even men will suffer to be beautiful.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ITALY

Scenes in Rome During the Six-day State Visit

AT THE QUIRINALE IN ROME: At the official reception in the Presidential palace are, from left, the Shah, President Gronchi, Signor Fanfani, the Italian Premier, and Donna Carla Gronchi. The Shah paid a six-day State visit to Italy.

ON THE CAPITOL: The Shah of Persia (centre) is presented with a statuette of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, by the Mayor of Rome, Signor Cioccetti (right). President Gronchi is on the left, partly hidden by an official.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE: After the National Anthems have been played, the audience rise to applaud the Shah, standing on the left of the Royal box (centre). The work performed at the Opera House in Rome was Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*. During the six-day State visit, the Shah spent two hours at the Quirinale with Signor Gronchi and Signor Fanfani, the Italian Prime Minister, during which it was reported that they discussed the general situation in the Middle East. Ways in which Italian technicians could assist in the economic development of Persia were also discussed. The Shah visited on the next day the naval academy at Leghorn. A cultural agreement was signed at the Palazzo Chigi. This was the first of its kind to be signed between Italy and any country of the Near and Middle East. It is aimed at encouraging the study in each country of the language and literature of the other. The number of exchange visits is to be increased, and there is a special clause dealing with archæological activities. The recent industrial exhibition in Teheran indicated that the Italian Government and Italian commercial concerns are eager to capture a large share of the expanding Persian market. It has been reported that the Fiat motor firm plan to establish an assembly plant in the country. It was thought that the Shah's State visit would promote a development of trade relations by offering mutual advantages. At the end of the visit the Shah of Persia was received in audience by the Pope. He then left Italy for a private holiday in Switzerland for a short rest and for a medical check-up.

On left—

ARRIVING IN ROME: Two single lines of Italian carabinieri line the Via dei Fori Imperiali in Rome as President Gronchi and the Shah are escorted by a mounted escort of the Presidential Guard. Behind are the ruins of the Colosseum. The Shah arrived by air at Ciampino Airport.

PRINCE AND COMMONER

The Engagement is Announced Between the Crown Prince of Japan and Miss Michiko Shoda

After the American occupation of Japan, the peerage and titles of the traditional and hereditary ruling caste were abolished. The Emperor was reduced from the "sacred and inviolable head of the Empire" to a "symbol of the nation." From 1946 he renounced his "divinity." Despite this new era of democracy, it was still expected that the Crown Prince would marry into one of the half-dozen families closely associated with the throne. It was maintained that a constitutional monarchy should be even more scrupulous in maintaining the myth of kingship than an absolute or semi-divine rule. The announcement that Prince Akihito was to marry a commoner, Miss Michiko Shoda, is taken as an indication of a new outlook of the concept of the throne in the democracy. The betrothal underlines the dualism still inherent in a country which was until recently feudal.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: Prince Akihito is seen as he leaves his mansion in Tokyo for the Imperial Palace, where the Imperial Council announced his engagement to Miss Michiko Shoda. Prince Akihito, who will be twenty-five this month, has become the idol of the new democratic Japan. He is interested in law, foreign affairs and politics and is fluent in English and French.

THE FUTURE BRIDE: Miss Michiko Shoda leaves the Imperial Palace. *Right*—Wearing a kimono, she stands near the fireplace in her home. The daughter of a wealthy flour-mill owner, she is the first commoner to be a future Empress of Japan. Mr. Nobosuke Kishi, the Japanese Premier, said: "In contrast to the custom before the war, there were no special restrictions in the Imperial Household regulations."

AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE: Miss Shoda sits with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hidesaburo Shoda. They met for the first time the Emperor Hirohito and the Empress Nagako. It was reported that it would be the last time that Miss Shoda would see the Emperor until the wedding. This would probably be late in 1959.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL: The Japanese Premier, Mr. Nobosuke Kishi (centre background), presides over the meeting of the Council which by law has to approve the choice of a Royal bride. On the left by the windows are Supreme Court Justice Mr. K. Kotani; Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Mr. K. Tanaka; Prince Takamatsu, and Princess Chichibu.

BOY BISHOP

Children Take Part in an Annual Ceremony at Pokesdown, Bournemouth

On right—

THE INSTALLATION OF A NEW BOY BISHOP: At the church of St. James the Greater, Pokesdown, Bournemouth, eleven-year-old Robert Daniels, wearing cope and mitre and other insignia of a bishop, is accompanied by his attendants during his installation. He holds office for a year and acts as leader for the members of the junior church of St. James. The election is made by the children themselves during November, and the installation takes place during the morning service for the junior church on the Sunday before the feast day of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. In recent years the custom of electing a boy bishop has been revived in several English churches, the ancient ceremony having been abolished at the Reformation. At St. James, Pokesdown, the custom was revived shortly after the induction of the present vicar, the Rev. J. V. Skinner, in 1953. Each Sunday morning after the parish Communion, the members of the junior church (as well as parents) assemble for their own service, for which they have their own "officials."

THE "SEALING": For this ceremony (similar to the actual consecration of a bishop) the boy kneels before the altar while others place their hands on his head. He wears alb, amice, and girdle which form part of the Eucharistic vestments.

RECEIVING THE MITRE: It is placed on his head by Peter Green, the retiring boy bishop at St. James. *On left*—In the traditional manner Robert Daniels knocks with the pastoral staff on the door of the church during the installation ceremony. The vestments for the installation of the boy bishops are specially made for the ceremony.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

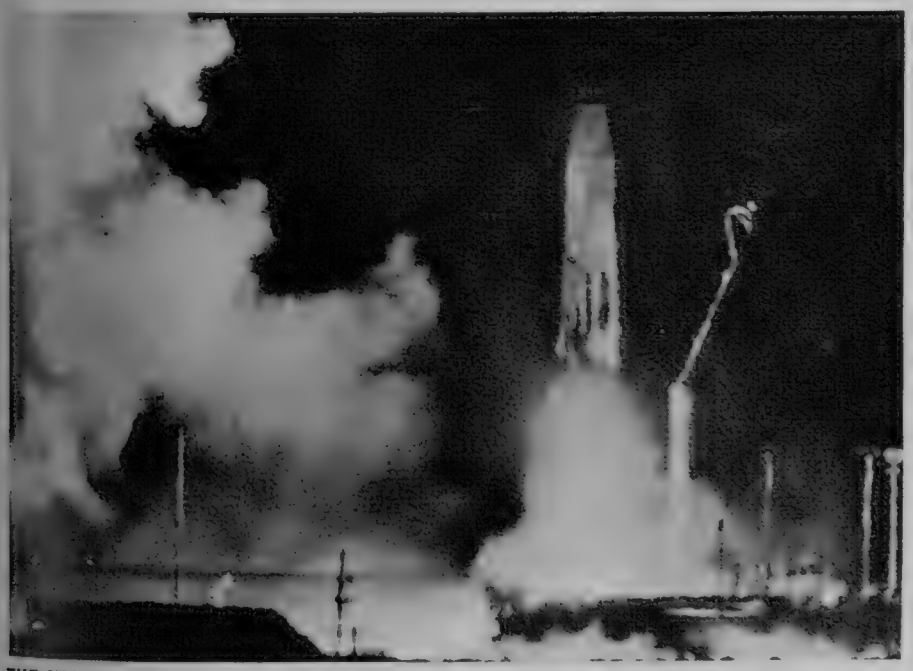
MR. KHRUSHCHEV EXPOUNDS HIS BERLIN PROPOSALS: The Soviet Prime Minister addresses a Press conference for foreign correspondents in Moscow. On his right is Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister. Mr. Khrushchev took an unprecedented step in summoning the foreign Press representatives to the Kremlin, and this was presumably intended to underline the importance of his Berlin proposals which he had outlined in a voluminous Note to the Western Powers a few hours previously. In a farrago of distorted history and wild charges against the West the Soviet Premier said that Russia was prepared to allow the present status of Berlin to continue for six months, after which West Berlin must become a "free city." The West in reply immediately made clear its intention of standing by its responsibilities to West Berlin.

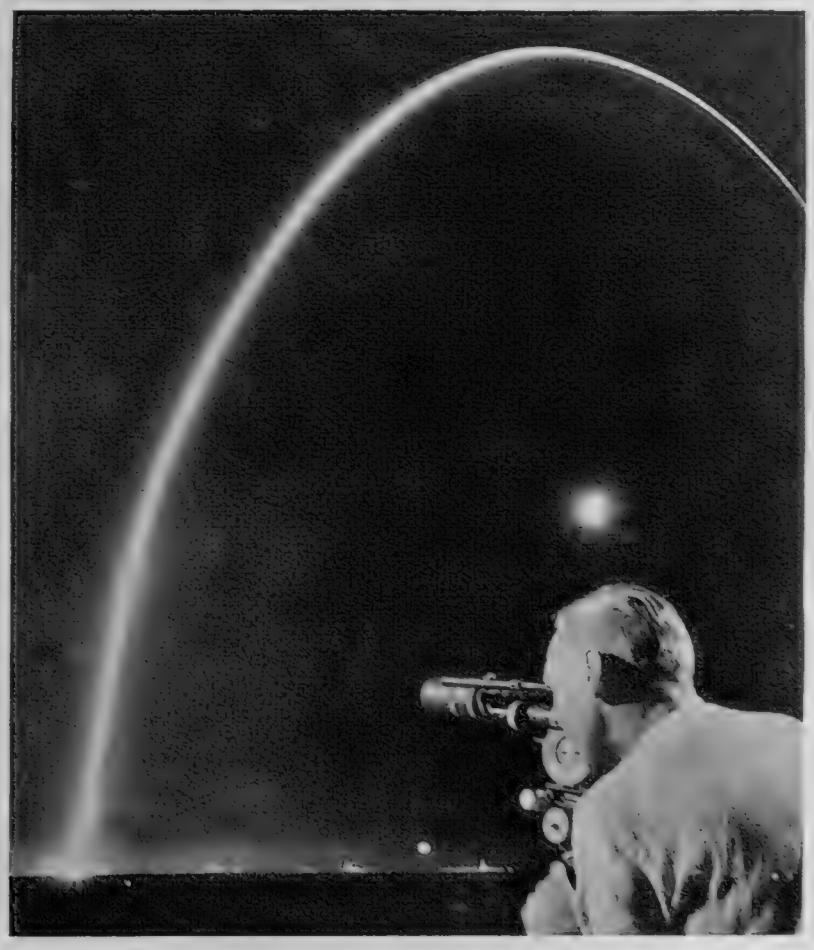
A PARADE IN EAST BERLIN: Armed demonstrators make their way through a street in the Communist-controlled sector of the city. The slogan painted on the lorry proclaims "Long live the Revolution." The purpose of the parade was to celebrate "ten years of democratic Berlin" that is the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the East Berlin Government after the division of the city into its two rival sectors. The demonstrators also carried banners with anti-American slogans on them.

THE SOVIET REPORT OF VOLCANIC ACTIVITY ON THE MOON: Professor Nikolai Kozyrev studies spectroscopic pictures of the area of the moon near the crater Alphonsus. A Soviet News Agency recently reported that Professor Kozyrev, using a 50-in. mirror telescope at the Crimea Observatory, had noted a reddish cloud near the crater. Professor Mikhailov, another of the leading Russian astronomers, said there was no doubt that a volcanic eruption had been seen. After this statement there was much argument about the validity of the claim. It was thought that any change in the moon's surface might be too small to be seen.

On left—

MARSHAL TITO OPENS A HIGHWAY: The President of Yugoslavia cuts the tape to open the new Ljubljana-Zagreb section of the international motor road which will eventually run through Yugoslavia to the Greek frontier. He took the occasion to make a speech of some political importance. In a reference to the recent Chinese attacks on Yugoslav Communism he implied that basically Mao Tse-tung might be trying to bring pressure to bear not so much on Yugoslavia as on Russia. President Tito then went on to re-state Yugoslavia's "middle-of-the-road" foreign policy and willingness to co-operate with both East and West, and referred to his forthcoming tour of Indonesia, India and Egypt.





THE SUCCESSFUL FIRING OF AN ATLAS MISSILE: At Cape Canaveral, in Florida, a United States Atlas inter-continental ballistic missile is successfully fired for the first time over the full range of 6,325 miles. *On right*—A television camera-man follows the curve made by the missile as it rises from the launching base. The white spot above his head is the moon. During the week-end there were reports that the missile had come down within 30 miles of its target area in the South Atlantic; officials at the Pentagon said: "All the test objectives were achieved essentially 100 per cent." The missile, which is capable of carrying a hydrogen warhead, had already been successfully fired on several occasions with reduced fuel loads over distances ranging from 2,000 to 3,000 miles. There is now a possibility that it will become part of the American arsenal of operational weapons several months earlier than originally suggested. Test firings may be carried out more frequently. Titan, a more powerful missile than Atlas, is still in the development stage. Minuteman, a three-stage weapon, should be in production by 1962.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

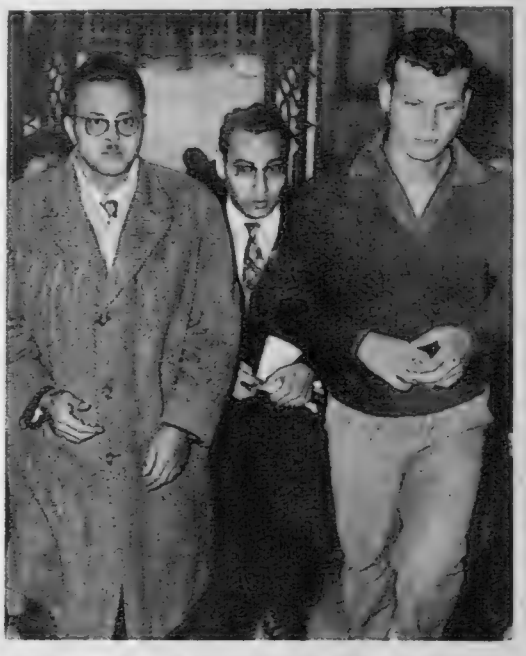
SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY: He waves from the door of his home at Chartwell, in Kent. His birthday was last Sunday (November 30), and during the week-end he was visited by almost every member of his family. His "Commonwealth" birthday cake was so called because it contained gifts of sultanas from Australia and of butter from New Zealand. In a message Sir Winston Churchill thanked "friends, known and unknown, all over the world" who had sent him messages of greeting.

On left—

SIR ANTHONY EDEN AT LEAMINGTON: The former Prime Minister speaks in his old constituency. On his left are Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lady Eden. Among others on the platform was his former Labour Party opponent, Mr. John Wilson. The occasion was a non-political one for the purpose of presenting Sir Anthony and Lady Eden with a library chair and a set of book-shelves respectively. However, in his speech Sir Anthony did deal with broad trends in current international affairs. He warned against putting off decisions. "Drift," he said, "is the demon of democracy."

Below—

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN ALGERIA: General Massu (centre), the paratroop commander, with General Maison-Rouge (left) and General Faure, discusses a large-scale sweep against the Algerian terrorists south of Palestro. In the military *coup* which brought General de Gaulle back to power this year, General Massu was a leading figure.



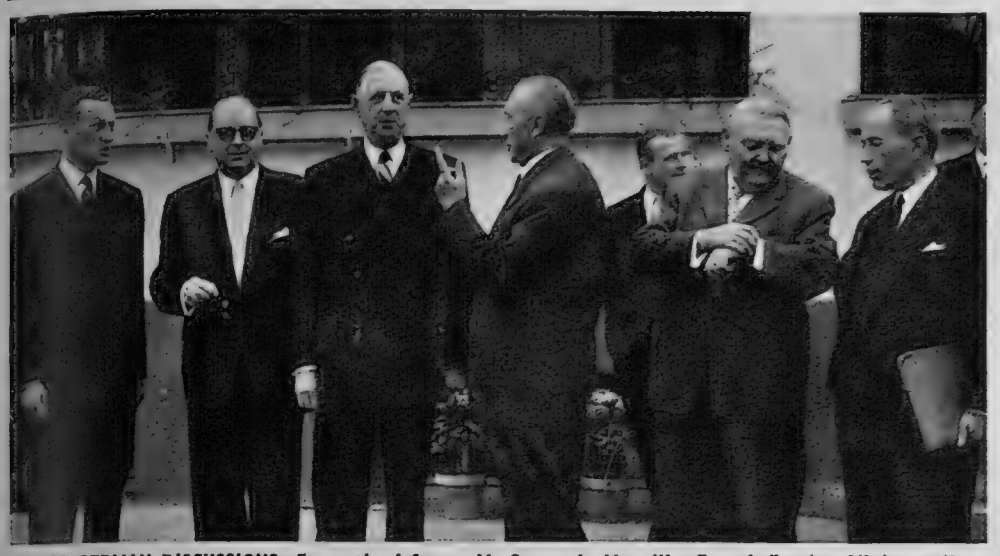
On right—

AN ALLEGED ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT IN TUNISIA: Fuad Said Sueliman (right), reported to be an Egyptian, arrives at the Law Courts in Tunis with his lawyers. He was charged with an alleged plot to kill President Bourguiba of Tunisia.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON: Collegers and Oppidans are in action in the annual Wall Game. For the third successive year the result was a pointless draw. The tactics of both sides was to keep the game as close as possible, and for a period in the second half play was kept in one spot for over twenty minutes. Among those who watched the game were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. In the college buildings there were the usual exhibitions of art and photography.

THE LUNEBURG STONE REMOVED TO SANDHURST: Field Marshal Lord Montgomery stands by a historic memorial after he had unveiled it at the Royal Military Academy. As the inscription proclaims, the stone was originally set up on the spot on Lüneburg Heath, in Germany, where the Field Marshal received, on May 4, 1945, the unconditional surrender of all German Land, Sea and Air Forces in north-west Germany, Denmark and Holland. Now the stone has been moved to Sandhurst.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



FRANCO-GERMAN DISCUSSIONS: From the left are M. Couve de Murville, French Foreign Minister; Herr von Brentano, German Foreign Minister; General de Gaulle; Dr. Adenauer; Professor Erhard (looking at watch), German Economics Minister; and M. Pinay, French Finance Minister. The two Heads of Government and their Ministers were holding a one-day conference at Bad Kreuznach, in West Germany. The main subjects of discussion were economics, European Free Trade and international affairs.

EX-COMMUNISTS IN ROME: Dr. Pellicani, the Chairman, addresses the first National Congress of former Communists in the Italian capital. On his left is M. Lecour, a visitor from France, who was also once a Communist. The purpose of the meeting was for ex-Communists in Italy to make contact with each other.

THE YOUNGEST M.P. TAKES HIS SEAT: Mr. Patrick Wolrige-Gordon arrives at the St. Stephen's entrance of the Palace of Westminster to take his seat in the Commons. An Oxford undergraduate and twenty-three years old, he held the Conservative seat in the East Aberdeenshire by-election. This was caused by the elevation of Sir Robert Boothby to a life peerage. The total poll in a three-cornered fight rose by more than 6 per cent. over that at the General Election.

CONGRATULATED ON A RECORD-BREAKING PLAY: Agatha Christie, the author of *The Mousetrap*, is seen with Mary Law (left), who takes a leading role in the play. It entered its seventh year at the Ambassadors Theatre in London last week and a party was held after the 2,500th performance. Mary Law appeared on stage, despite a leg injury.

On left—

ON A MISSION FROM GUINEA TO LONDON: M. Diallo Telli, a special envoy from the former French colonial territory of Guinea, arrives at London Airport. His six-day visit had been arranged before the announcement of the intended union of Ghana and Guinea. But he discussed the merger in London.

SCOOTER COMBINATIONS FOR R.A.C. PATROLS: Eight Royal Automobile Club patrolmen from big provincial cities line up outside the road patrol headquarters in Belgrave Square after taking delivery of scooter and sidecar combinations, which are to be used in congested towns instead of the more powerful motor-cycles and sidecars. After taking over their new machines, the patrolmen received instruction and advice from R.A.C. engineers before setting out to their respective cities. The patrolmen came from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Bournemouth and Exeter.

BRITISH-TRAINED SHEEPDOGS FLY TO WORK IN RUSSIA: Some of the twenty sheepdogs from Britain which have recently been purchased by the Soviet trade organisation Prodintorg to start a line of working sheepdogs in Russia are seen at Southend airport before leaving for Rotterdam on the first stage of the journey to Russia. From Rotterdam, the animals travelled by train to their destination via Czechoslovakia.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A DIPLOMATIC OCCASION IN PAKISTAN: General Ayub (centre), the President of Pakistan, sits in Karachi with Dr. Alvaro Brilhante Laborinho (left), the new Portuguese Ambassador, and Mr. Manzoor Qadir, the Pakistani Foreign Minister. Dr. Laborinho had come to the Presidency to present his credentials. At the end of last month the policy of General Ayub's recently-formed Government appeared to be directed towards measures for land reform, law reform and the suppression of corruption among officials and others.

GENERAL ABBOUD EXPRESSES HIS VIEWS: The Prime Minister of Sudan and leader of the military junta which seized power last month is at the head of the table at a Press conference in Khartoum. On his right is General Wahab, the Minister of the Interior, who is generally regarded as second to General Abboud in the new Sudanese political hierarchy. The Prime Minister said that Parliamentary democracy had ended in the country and that the Parliament had been dissolved. In foreign affairs he insisted the Sudan would be neutral.

On right—

MRS. DARLING IN CYPRUS: At Limassol, Major-General Darling, Director of Operations on the island, greets his wife on her arrival. She was the only service wife to disembark from the troopship *Dilwara*. Security Forces continued their drive against Eoka terrorists in the west of the island. After the successful operations by British troops against the organisation in the north of Cyprus, Eoka made a truce offer to suspend violence during the U.N. debate. It also called for a general strike to mark the opening of the debate in New York. All shops in the main towns shut down.

THE C.I.G.S. IN CYPRUS: General Sir Francis Festing (left) is accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Lash during his visit to the camp of the Lancashire Fusiliers near Nicosia. General Festing conferred with Sir Hugh Foot, at Government House, and with other senior Government officials.

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS IN NEW YORK: The exiled Ethnarch is interviewed on a television programme by Mr. Ben Hecht, an American radio commentator. Makarios flew to the U.S. to canvass support from the U.N. and from the American public for his proposals on the future of Cyprus. In Athens a sharp campaign of criticism started against the Archbishop over his claim to have received encouragement in "American circles." In the U.N. debate later Mr. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister, urged the acceptance of guaranteed independence for Cyprus after a period of genuine democratic self-government.

SURVEYING THE SITE FOR THE ASWAN DAM: Mr. Peter Nikitine (in white jacket) stands with other members of his team of Soviet engineers above the Nile. They had come to prospect the area for the High Dam project, for which the Soviet Union has granted Egypt a credit of 400,000,000 roubles (about £35,000,000). Before journeying up the Nile the Russian experts had been in Cairo to discuss construction plans with Egyptian engineers. Many formidable technical problems will face the builders. If the project is to succeed it will also be necessary for Egypt to make an agreement with the Sudan on the use of the Nile waters.

World Affairs

THE OFFENSIVE IS RENEWED

By JOHN CONNELL

THE present Soviet pressure on Berlin, we have been assured by those official spokesmen who are apt to be especially loquacious in times of crisis, is likely to remain only diplomatic and political pressure; the Soviet Union will not go to war over Berlin. Statements such as this—and they have been fairly frequent lately—are expressions of a serious misunderstanding of the contemporary situation. The Soviet Union is at war, permanently and perpetually, with what it calls "capitalism." Its leaders ardently desire to see, and believe that they will see, the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of Communist rule, not merely in Russia and China and a ring of satellite states, but throughout the world. The accomplishment of world revolution is only a preliminary phase in a large-scale operation, but it is an essential phase. If the present Communist Powers slacken or abandon their war against the capitalist Powers, they are not in their own view doing their duty according to the faith which they hold.

But they do not wage their war only or chiefly with military weapons—although these come in handy and must never be allowed to grow rusty or obsolete. Victory without the use of military weapons is to them far more valuable. They know perfectly well that their strategy and their tactics bring them frequently to the brink of total war; this is a chance which they take again and again because they believe that the capitalist Powers are just that much more frightened of an atomic war, and its after-affects, than they are. Theirs, not ours, is the real art of brinkmanship; and Berlin is an example of brinkmanship in the classic pattern.

DISCUSSIONS ON BERLIN: *Left*—In Bonn, German ambassadors meet at the Foreign Minister's official residence on the Venusberg. From left are Manfred Klaiber, Ambassador in Rome; Hans von Herwarth, Ambassador in London; Von Brentano, the Foreign Minister; Hans Kroll, Ambassador in Moscow; Yan Scherpenberg, Permanent Secretary of State; Herbert Blankenhorn, Ambassador in Paris; and Wilhelm Grewe, Ambassador in Washington. *Right*—In front of the Brandenburg Gate, in Berlin, on the borderline between East and West, Herr Brandt (right), the West German Mayor, talks to Mr. H. Humphrey, the U.S. Senator, who visited the city to discuss the situation.

It is a tactical offensive exercise on a major scale, planned and carried out as such. There are indications that it was hastily planned, and that the plans were put into execution rather suddenly; but this speed assured them of surprise, which is an essential element in all their politico-military thinking. The Western Powers and the Federal Republic were caught, to some extent, off their guard. If I may borrow Colonel Wigg's curious metaphor with which he described his Parliamentary tactics, the Western Powers were milling about in the dreary, and obviously unprofitable, trench-warfare of the Geneva talks when their opponents switched the offensive not (goodness knows) to a new sector, but to one which has been quiescent for a decade. Berlin is the Ypres of this long, long war. It has been, and it will be, fought over again and again. For if the Communists ever capture the whole of Berlin, Western Germany is in the gravest jeopardy. Every Berliner, indeed every German, is conscious—perhaps a little too acutely conscious—of the city's dangerous and dramatic role. The divided, frontier-fortress city is a grim phenomenon of our time; Shanghai was the first; the irony of history has made it Jerusalem's fate for more than ten years; a generation is growing up in Berlin knowing no other pattern of existence.

West Berlin is of our world, with all its virtues and all its faults, more than a little over-emphasised, as is Berlin's custom. Beyond the Brandenburg Gate is *their* world. Its similarity to the urban world of 1984, as George Orwell foresaw it, is startling. It is a seedy, down-at-heel slum, from which as many people as possible devise their escape. Escape is far from easy, post-escape prospects are seldom comforting; but the tide of refugees never slackens.

Berlin is thus the focus and the symbol of our divided—and battered—world. If we were to cede Berlin, we would cede not merely the three Allied-occupied sectors of the city itself: we would cede our symbol, our totem. The Communist leaders make much of their rational, scientific outlook, and of the materialist interpretation of history; but they, too, have their totems and their fetishes. To them, no less than to us, Berlin is a totem. Did they think, when they launched this offensive, that they could jolt or press us into ceding it? Or did they seek to ascertain how far, at present, they could raid and where we would stand?

This is, viewed from either side, a frontal attack on a vital fortress and centre of resistance. Of recent years the biggest Communist dividends have been earned either by infiltration (as in the Middle East) or by outflanking (as in Latin America and large parts of Africa). The frontal assault in strength is rare. What impelled the Russians to undertake it now? An external factor, such as the belief that there was a chance of a swift, cheap, spectacular victory? Or deep, internal, Communist Party pressures hidden from our view? In my belief, the latter explanation is the more plausible. Khrushchev is clearly being challenged for the leadership of the Communist world, not only by his rivals and competitors in the Soviet Union, whom one by one he is wiping up, but by Mao Tse-tung, who is not open to this treatment. He is still smarting under the effects of that sudden, imperious summons to Pekin earlier this year and of his precipitate response to it. The need to outdo Mao Tse-tung, in one field of operations at any rate, has been strong. He chose the most fought-over, the most familiar. His choice is evidence of a fairly sound grasp of the fundamental strategy of Communism, but it is tactically questionable. If it were a spectacular failure, he might be called peremptorily to book. That, not atomic war, is the real risk that Khrushchev has been running.

What, from his point of view, would be accounted a defeat? Not less than the complete maintenance of the *status quo*. Dr. Adenauer and Herr Brandt, the young chief burgomaster of Berlin, were quick to appreciate this. Khrushchev staked his first demands extremely high; their fulfilment would have been an immense victory; he can be content with smaller gains, achieved by Western compliance and appeasement on points which can be contrived to seem of minor importance, but he cannot easily afford to be resisted at every point.

If the Russians could split the Western Powers and sap their firm, united will to resistance, that would be the beginning of a Communist victory. The Germans, who have borne much of the brunt of Communist attacks over many years (why they have had to do so is, for the time being, another story), are not unfamiliar with the strategic and tactical principles of this kind of warfare. It is a kind of warfare in which they themselves, in an earlier, less agreeable incarnation, were fairly well versed. They know, none better, the dangers of disunity and appeasement. Therefore the shock was considerable when Herr von Brentano, of all people, was heard to say at a gathering in West Berlin that there would be no objection to the Soviet authorities employing East German officers to control traffic to and from Berlin, so long as the Soviet Government remained responsible.

It was immediately and firmly pointed out in Bonn that a comfortable, appeasing formula of this kind was contrary to the policy of the West German Government and must be rejected; and that Dr. Adenauer believed that the Western Powers would have to stand firmly enough on the present guarantees of Berlin's status to convince Mr. Khrushchev that they meant what they said. There are others, notably Herr Brandt, who go further. He did not hesitate to proclaim his belief that now is the time for the West to take the initiative; and he appealed to his fellow-countrymen in the Federal Republic to raise the cry, "Hands off our capital, Berlin," so that the whole world will have to take notice. His subordinate officials let it be known that West Berlin was prepared—much better prepared than before—for a state of siege like that of ten years ago: there was food, they said, stored for six months and coal for a year. Elsewhere it was intimated that, if the need arose, British, American and probably French transport aircraft would operate—as a single force under a commander nominated by NATO—a combined airlift to the besieged city. Surely here is the vindication of NATO; it is to prepare against just such an eventuality as this that NATO exists. If it cannot meet a tactical challenge of this order, what would be its effectiveness in face of a large-scale, strategic offensive? One's mind goes back to some of Field-Marshal Montgomery's questions and revelations.

The fundamental question remains, however: are defensive tactics and strategy enough? They have to be, because in truth we have no alternative. It is a moral impossibility, within all our terms of reference, for us to attack before we are hit. All talk, therefore, on the strategic level certainly, if not on the tactical, of the West "seizing the initiative" is foolish cant. It does not deceive the enemy; it only deceives ourselves. The Communists are the perpetual aggressors; we are the perpetual defenders. This is the basic pattern; it is not particularly agreeable; we certainly did not choose it, and we must—as on the whole we have striven to do since the invention of Marshall Aid—make the best of it that we can.

Ours is not a very secure perimeter. The enemy has thrust some salients deep into it; by infiltration he has established more than one base well within our defences. And we simply have to go on resisting every attack; and we ought, in my view, as a sober habit of mind to do it, knowing that we are—all the time—at war. The Communists have always known that they were at war. From basic principles onwards their methodology is not that of politics as we know politics, but of warfare—and warfare always on a global scale.

I can recall quite clearly when this, which I now regard as an axiom, was driven home to my mind. It was at the end of a noisy, stormy by-election in North St. Pancras nearly ten years ago; the Communist candidate polled a handful of votes and forfeited his deposit. When the result was announced in St. Pancras Town Hall somewhere around midnight—the Labour candidate had been elected by a fairly sizeable majority—there were the dutiful cheers, the courtesies, the votes of thanks to the returning officer, all very decorous and democratic. Outside there were very noisy goings-on: the Communists were celebrating with what, at first hearing, sounded rather unnecessary clamour. But they were shouting: "We may have lost North St. Pancras, but we've won China." Grimly I saw the point of their argument. It explains all Communist practice—and currently, I think, the assault on Berlin.

THE DEDICATION OF THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: In the apse behind the High Altar, the Queen unveils the memorial inscription after the Bishop of London had blessed the chapel. The words are inscribed on the pedestal supporting the case which contains the Roll of Honour. Her Majesty is watched by the Duke of Edinburgh; Mr. Richard Nixon, Vice-President of the U.S.A.; Mrs. Nixon and Princess Margaret. On the right are the Bishop and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

MR. NIXON IN LONDON

A Round of Anglo-U.S. Occasions During the Visit of the Vice-President of the United States

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nixon arrived in London on Tuesday of last week and left again on Friday night, after fulfilling a crowded programme. The most important event during their stay was the Dedication of the American Memorial Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral, when the inscription was unveiled by the Queen in the presence of a distinguished congregation. On this occasion Mr. Nixon was the representative of President Eisenhower, who had presented the Roll of Honour to the Dean of the Cathedral in 1951. After the service the visitors attended a luncheon party at Buckingham Palace and on the following day (which was the American Thanksgiving Day) the Vice-President entertained the Queen at the American Embassy. On other occasions during the week, Mr. Nixon was the guest of honour of the Pilgrims Society and of the English Speaking Union of the Commonwealth. In addition to dining with the Prime Minister at No. 10, Downing Street, Mr. Nixon met Mr. Macmillan in the Prime Minister's room at the House of Commons. Mr. Nixon also watched the House in session from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. For the last day of their stay in this country, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon paid a short visit to Oxford.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON: Mr. Nixon raises his hand in welcome as he arrives with his wife at Victoria Station, after travelling from Gatwick Airport. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr. John Whitney, the U.S. Ambassador, were among those who welcomed the visitors at the station. Mr. and Mrs. Nixon had originally intended to arrive at London Airport, but owing to fog their aircraft was diverted to Gatwick. One of Mr. Nixon's first engagements was luncheon with the Pilgrims Society at the Savoy.

AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: Mr. Macmillan shows his guest a framed directive to Cabinet Ministers in 1940 on the action to be taken in the event of an invasion.

On right—

BANQUET IN GUILDHALL: Mr. Nixon proposes a toast during the dinner given in his honour by the English Speaking Union of the Commonwealth. Presiding at the banquet is the Duke of Edinburgh.

HOST TO THE QUEEN: At the residence of the American Ambassador, the Queen sits next to the Vice-President for the traditional dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

AT THE WEST DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL : In the procession to their seats at the head of the congregation the Queen and Mr. Nixon walk behind the Lord Mayor of London who is carrying the Pearl Sword. They are followed by the Duke and Mrs. Nixon, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra and Mr. Whitney. *Below*—After the Dedication of the Chapel the Queen and Mr. Nixon with the Bishop and the Dean and Chapter return to their places.

A CATWALK IN BAVARIA

A Wooden Path up to the Summit of the Wendelstein Mountain

Towering over the Jenbach Valley, one of the most beautiful and unspoilt in Southern Bavaria, is the precipitous and craggy Wendelstein mountain. A little over forty years ago a cog-wheel railway was built from the village of Brannenburg to the Wendelstein mountain hotel. This was situated at a height of about 5,250 ft. It was, however, possible for the tourist to reach the hotel on foot if he or she were prepared to undertake a lengthy climb of four or five hours. But to reach the summit of the mountain, there was another 800 ft. of limestone crags, accessible only to the skilled mountaineer.

Not many years after the completion of the railway, a wooden path was constructed, built up on struts from the side of the cliff-face. This led in zigzag fashion from the hotel itself to the top of the Wendelstein, some 6,030 ft. high. Thus the use of this catwalk, which has strong guard-rails to prevent any accidents, enables the tourist with an average head for heights to enjoy in comfort the sensations of a mountaineer clinging like a fly to a sheer cliff-face. A panorama of mountains and valleys awaits the visitor to the summit, and under good conditions the flat German plains to the north can be seen as far away as Munich, a distance of some sixty miles.

On the summit stands a cross, a small chapel, and built into the rock, an observatory belonging to Munich University, much used recently for the tracking of satellites. The chapel was built in 1718. Even though this novel means of ascending a mountain has existed for some time, and although the rack-and-pinion railway affords views of the Inn valley and the great cliffs of the Hoch-Salwand, it is still little known. The mountain does not lie near one of the better-known resorts, although there are several most attractive small villages nearby, like Nussdorf and Oberaudorf, where there are hotels and pensions. A visitor to the Wendelstein hotel might well be surprised on looking out of his bedroom window to discover the path leading upwards to the peak.

THE WAY UP: From the path built up the side of the Wendelstein mountain, in the Bavarian Alps, panoramic views of the countryside can be obtained. The mountain is about 6,030 ft. high and the path gives a non-mountaineer the chance to make the ascent.

On left—

A CATWALK: Struts support the wooden path as it curves round the cliff-face. Those who use the ascent need a good head for heights.

On right—

LIMESTONE CRAGS: The path and its protecting rails zigzag up the side of the precipitous mountain, 60 miles to the south-east of Munich.

THE WENDELSTEIN MASSIF: From the top of this mountain, near the border of Bavaria and Austria, are extensive views of the valleys and mountains.

A ZIGZAG PATH CLINGING TO THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN: This unusual pathway enables the tourist to reach the top in safety. The high pyramid of the Wendelstein mountain towers over the Jenbach Valley, a little-known stretch of countryside. Under favourable conditions the plain as far as Munich can be seen, as well as the Bavarian and Austrian Alps.

AIRLIFT TO A CHURCH: An H-34 Choctaw helicopter of the United States Army is in the air between Nauheim and Mussbach, in West Germany. Beneath the fuselage is slung a cupola. *On left*—The aircraft lowers the cupola on to the dome-shaped roof of the new Catholic church at Mussbach.

In aircraft reference books the Sikorsky Choctaw H-34 is listed as a General Purpose Helicopter. That the description is apt was amply demonstrated recently in Germany. In the village of Mussbach, some fifty miles to the south of Frankfurt, the new church was almost completed. One further feature had to be added. This was a cupola made of a transparent material called plexiglass, 13 ft. wide, and weighing 1,200 lb. It had been designed to crown the dome-shaped roof of the building. But an unforeseen difficulty faced the builders. The cupola had been made at Nauheim, forty miles away, and the railway declared that it was unable to arrange transport for it on the grounds that the fabric was too delicate to handle. The Mayor of Mussbach and the priest took their problem to the United States Army authorities, and a helicopter was offered to undertake the transport. With a crew of two, Chief Warrant Officer Charles E. Larkin, of Los Angeles, and Warrant Officer D. S. Miner, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, the Choctaw picked up the dome at Nauheim and flew with it slung under the fuselage to Mussbach. Workmen waited on the church roof as the helicopter hovered and the cupola was lowered into position. This concluding stage of the operation took no more than forty seconds.

HELICOPTER STEEPLE-JACK

A U.S. Aircraft Crowns a Building in West Germany

THE NEW DETERRENT

Launching a Regulus II Guided Missile from an American Submarine

While the attention of military strategists and the Press has been focused on the successes and failures of America's giant rocket missiles at Cape Canaveral, Florida, the U.S. Navy has been building up, almost unnoticed, a powerful striking force of missile-carrying submarines. Tests at sea with an early type of "flying bomb" missile, known as the Regulus I, began three years ago. Now thoroughly proven in more than 750 launches, this weapon arms the submarines *Tunny* and *Barbero* and the cruisers *Los Angeles*, *Toledo*, *Macon* and *Helena*. Stock-piled in hundreds at secret depots, it can also be launched like a piloted aeroplane from catapults on ten of the carriers now operational with the U.S. fleet.

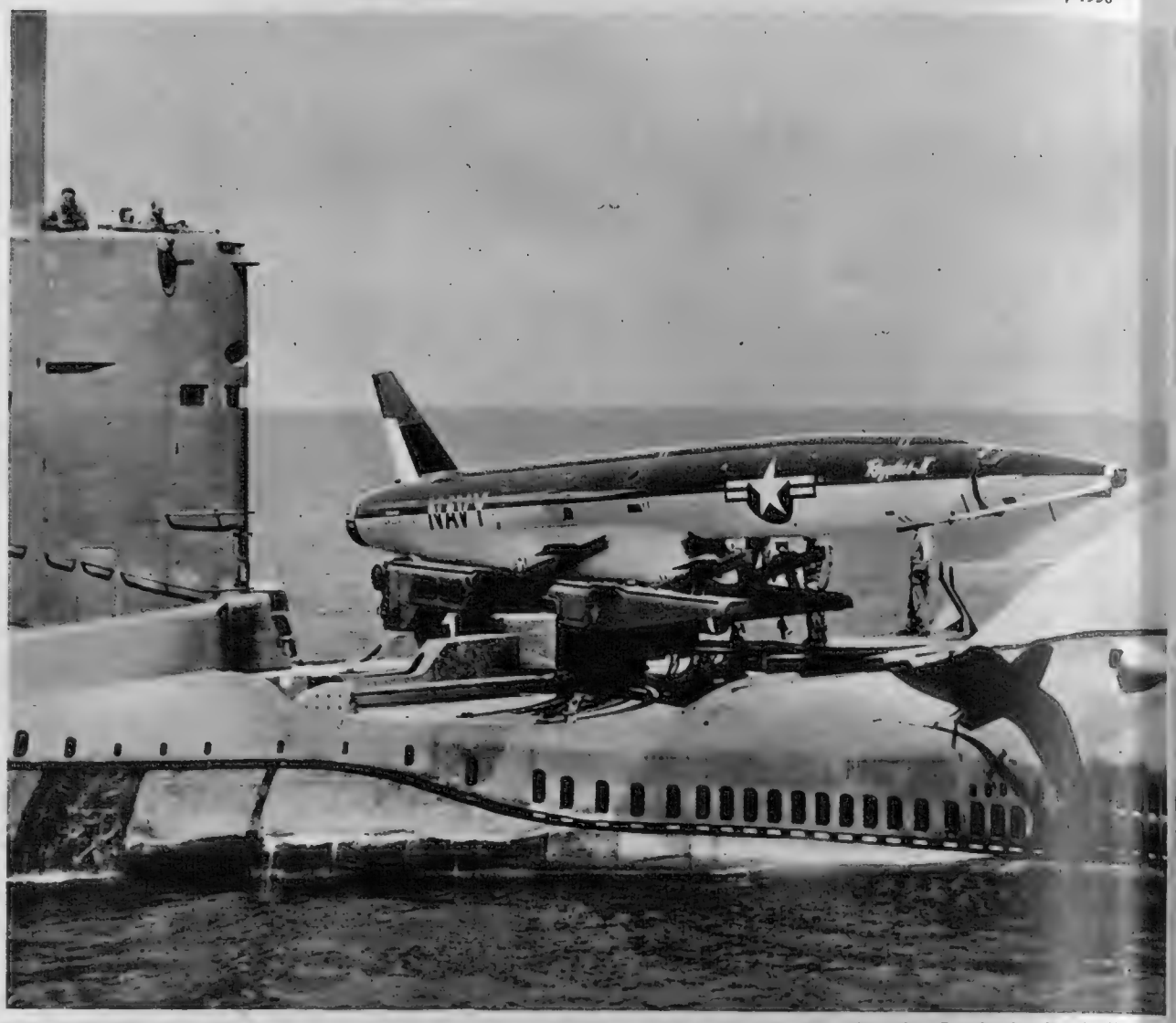
In a typical trial firing from the *Helena*, a Regulus I scored a direct hit on a target in the Pacific atoll of Okino Daito, 260 miles away. By comparison with the 6,000-mile range of some of the inter-continental ballistic rockets now under development by the U.S. Air Force, this may seem of little consequence; but when the range of the ship from which it is launched is added to the missile's own 575-mile striking radius, it becomes clear that the majority of military targets in the world are within its reach. Furthermore, the submarine firing bases are almost impossible to locate—and atomic warheads can be carried.

Impressed by these arguments and by the results of tests with Regulus I, the U.S. Navy awarded Chance Vought a contract to develop a far more formidable weapon under the name of Regulus II. Despite its designation, this missile bears no resemblance to its predecessor. It is very much larger and heavier. Its 15,000-lb. thrust General Electric J-79 turbojet gives more than three times the power of the Regulus I's engine and it carries much more fuel, so that it can travel twice as far and more than twice as fast, with a cruising speed of about 1,300 m.p.h. Most important of all, Regulus II has a completely self-contained inertial guidance system, which is impervious to counter-measures, whereas the earlier missile is guided by signals transmitted from its launching ship, or from other ships or aircraft.

A fleet of specially-equipped submarines is being built to carry and fire Regulus II, and the first of these, the U.S.S. *Grayback*, is shown in the illustrations on these pages. Its sister-ship, the *Growler*, was launched on April 5 this year, and has been followed by the nuclear-powered U.S.S. *Halibut*, with three more Regulus-armed nuclear submarines—the *Permit*, *Pollack* and *Plunger*—authorised in the U.S. Navy's 1958 ship-building programme. Although *Grayback* and *Growler* are to be America's last conventionally-powered submarines, they are claimed to have a performance as good as any underwater craft afloat and to be able to remain submerged indefinitely. Torpedo tubes fore and aft give them all the usual powers of attack and defence. Their additional role is shown by twin missile hangars faired into their hulls forward of the conning tower.

In action, the *Grayback* would surface quickly off an enemy coastline. The door of one of the hangars would swing open and a Regulus II would be rammed automatically into the firing position on a swivelling ramp. Little preparation would be needed beyond unfolding its wings and nose-probe; and the missile could be sent hurtling on its way, with the help of a huge 115,000-lb. thrust jettisonable booster rocket, within five minutes of surfacing,

These photographs show a test-firing of this kind made from the *Grayback* on September 16 and described by a U.S. admiral as "the mating of the hawk and the shark." It is a marriage of the greatest significance, because the progeny can begin to take over the deterrent role of the piloted bomber forces which must lose their effectiveness in the missile age. John W. R. Taylor



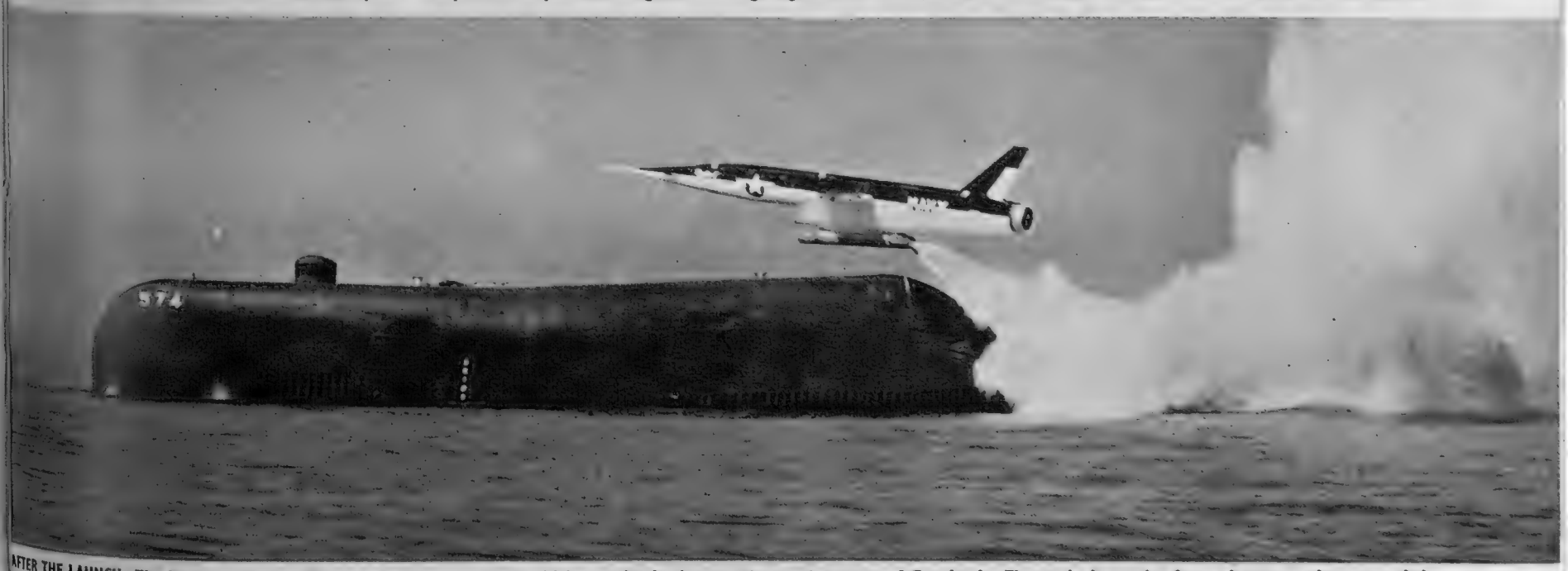
BEING PREPARED FOR FIRING: On the swivelling ramp just forward of the conning-tower of the U.S. submarine *Grayback*, a Regulus II guided missile is adjusted. The nose-probe of this version used for flight testing is still folded back along the fuselage. For firing purposes the missile, which is powered by a special version of the constant speed General Electric J-79 jet engine, is elevated slightly.

THE BOWS OF THE "GRAYBACK": The streamlined and unusual shape of the U.S. submarine, completed expressly to launch guided missiles, was designed to give a high-performance attack vessel. The sideways-on launching of the missile can be clearly seen. One of the last of America's conventional diesel-powered submarines, *Grayback* has, it is claimed, a performance as good as any underwater craft.

ON THE FIRING RAMP: With the hangar door swung upwards, a Regulus II missile is rotated towards the firing position. Just visible at the nose is the probe being extended into its forward position. *Grayback* is 296 ft. in length and displaces 1,740 tons (light).

A SLEEK AND DANGEROUS CRAFT: As *Grayback* slides through a calm sea, the missile is prepared for firing. The submarine has streamlined Guppy snorkel equipment, and can, it is claimed, remain under water indefinitely. It is powered by diesel engines.

A VIEW OF THE MISSILE: The Regulus II is transported on a large rubber-wheeled vehicle. On the left a technician adjusts the J-79 turbojet used to provide the missile's power, giving a thrust of 15,000 lb. An atomic warhead can be fitted to the missile.



AFTER THE LAUNCH: The Regulus II takes off in a large cloud of smoke which completely obscures the conning-tower of *Grayback*. The smoke is pouring from a booster rocket suspended under the fuselage of the missile. This gives a thrust of 115,000 lb. during the initial ascent and is then jettisoned. Built by Chance Vought Aircraft, the missile cruises at about 1,300 m.p.h. with a range of over 1,000 miles. It is guided by a completely self-contained inertial guidance system, which is accurate and impervious to counter measures.

"CANST WORK I' THE EARTH SO FAST?"

The Habits of the Mole in its Underground Existence are Still Largely a Matter of Speculation

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TO my astonishment I find that I may be unique. I own a moleskin waistcoat. I was talking to Mr. E. F. Pearce, of Mascall Fur Processes, the other day about moles and moleskins in general, and I happened to mention this waistcoat, adding that I thought that I must be one of the very few men left possessing one. He said: "I shouldn't be in the least surprised if you aren't the only one." And Mr. Pearce knows as much about moleskins as any man in Britain—perhaps more. He is one of the two acknowledged authorities on the subject in the country.

Now I have, for many years past, been extremely interested in moles. Not just because I have a moleskin waistcoat—indeed, not for that reason at all, for my waistcoat has seen better days and now can really only be worn in the dark, or so my womenfolk tell me—but because I have numbered among my firm friends two mole-catchers and known a good many more. This does not mean that I know anything about moles: I do not. In this I am certainly not unique. For the simple truth of the matter is that very little is known about moles.

The scientists know all there is to be known about the dead mole: the dead mole holds no secrets. Everything is known about the structure of the mole; the skeleton, the teeth, the ovaries, and so on. We know all about the astonishing changes that take place in the reproductive organs prior to the breeding season. But, when we come to the habits of the mole, the daily life of the mole, then the picture is very different. The simple truth is that a good deal of the information that appears in the natural history books about the habits of the mole is little more than guesswork. This is not at all surprising, since moles spend almost the whole of their lives underground and out of sight. At any rate, for knowledge of their habits I would rather go to a mole-catcher than a naturalist any day of the week, for the mole-catcher has got to know a good deal about the habits of his quarry if he is to enjoy any success in his calling.

Even the mole-catcher of long experience does not know it all. Some, at least, of what he does know really falls into the category of folk-lore, and must be discarded altogether or, at best, taken with several grains of salt. For example, all the mole-catchers I have known—and most old countrymen, too, for that matter—have held a firm belief that all moles are males until they are more than a year old, when some of them decide to become females. Obviously, this is not true. But I think that it is true that you cannot distinguish the sex in moles (except by dissection) until they are about one year old. It is not really easy to do so (unless you are an expert) at any age except in the breeding season.

On the other hand, stories which were for long regarded as legends by everyone (except mole-catchers) are now accepted as fact by even the most sceptical naturalist. For example, the old story about the curious difference between the runs of male and female moles. The runs dug by male moles are straight: those dug by female moles meander about all over the place. This was dismissed as an old wives' tale until quite recently, although why any man should have refused to believe it is difficult to understand: one would have thought that experience in other spheres—in the home, for instance—would have suggested that females are naturally wayward. Now it is known to be the fact. I do not think that this inability to drive a straight course necessarily means that the female mole is unable to keep her mind on the job: it may mean that she, like some other females, is naturally more curious than the male.

When you look at a mole you cannot but marvel at the wonderful way in which the whole body is adapted to suit the way of life. From head to tail the body is pretty well cylindrical, which is the best possible shape for an animal which spends its life burrowing. The mole is a living boring tool, and everything that might hinder progress underground has been got rid of or severely modified. A mole appears to have no neck: but a nicely-shaped neck would certainly be a severe handicap. The tail is very short for the same reason: a nice elegant tail would get in the way. All four legs are short and half-enclosed in the thick fur. The fore-limbs have the "hands" facing backwards and are armed with strong claws.

THE MOLE AND THE CATCHER: *Left*—The powerful paddle-like fore limbs of this insectivorous mammal face backwards to push away the loosened earth. Its hairs are set vertically and lie in any direction, thus enabling the mole to move backwards or forwards without discomfort. *Right*—A mole-catcher in Essex walks home with his morning "catch." Farmers in the area are worried by the damage caused by moles to pasture and meadowland, and the catcher is continually in demand with his traps.

It is commonly thought that the "hands" are exclusively used for burrowing, but, in fact, the burrowing is done by the snout and the head, and the broad hands are used for scraping the dislodged earth to one side. Even the fur is adapted to this underground way of life. The hairs are short, thick, and velvety and they stand up vertically from the skin and do not slope backwards. You can stroke the fur of a mole either way: it will lie naturally whichever way you stroke it. I believe that I am correct in saying that the mole is the only animal whose fur grows like this, though there are a number whose fur is just as velvety. It must, surely, be of immense value to the mole in its subterranean life, since it must enable it to go backwards as well as forwards without the irritating nuisance of getting a mass of loose soil in and under the coat. This does not mean that a mole cannot turn round in its tunnel (I feel sure that it can, no matter how narrow the tunnel), but there must be many occasions every day of its life during burrowing operations when it must move backwards, and fur growing in the usual manner would then be a great handicap.

Moles live in "fortresses." (That is the usual term in the natural history books: hereabouts they are known as "castles".) These castles, which are sometimes confused with the nests of the meadow ant, are usually about a foot high and perhaps as much as a yard across. Inside there is a circular cavity, about the size of a football, which is lined with grasses and leaves, and from which the mole's main highways radiate. There are always several of these, and always they start by dipping down and then turn upwards again in a short distance, and this helps to keep the nest itself drained. I have dug up some half-dozen castles in my time, greatly to the astonishment of my neighbours, and, except for the drainage dips, have yet to find two alike in their layout. Every blackbird builds a nest like every other blackbird (and this is true of all nest-building birds: they build the nest characteristic of their species) but moles are individualists. So strongly individualistic in temperament that it is said that two moles meeting in a runway will fight to the death. It is true that two captive moles, if placed together in a cage, will fight to the death (males at any rate); but that is not quite the same thing, and I do not know that anyone has ever seen two moles meet in a runway. (Not an easy feat, when you come to think about it!) In any case, runways do not seem to be strictly private property: a number of moles have been caught in succession in a trap set in one runway. That must be within the experience of every mole-catcher.

I wish I knew more about the runways. It is simple enough to say that moles bore tunnels through the earth. We all know that. We all know that they have an unfortunate habit of doing so just where and when it is least wanted—right across the lawn just before a party is my worst experience—and we all know that they can bore along at a great pace, throwing up little mounds of earth at intervals. What I should like to know is how the tunnel remains a tunnel: why does not the earth above collapse and fill it in again? It would be easier to understand if the thing were deep: usually it is very near to the surface.

Trapping moles is an art: one beyond the competence of the average householder wishing to get rid of the mole busy wrecking his lawn or his flower-beds. This is why really successful mole-catchers are almost always old men. It is not very difficult to catch moles in the breeding season, for the mole breeds above ground or, more correctly, in an open trench. An old (and very effective, so I am assured) method was to catch a female in season and place her in a smooth-sided bowl, just sinking the bowl in the trench. The males would come from far and wide, get into the bowl and be unable to get out again. You just went along and collected them. Effective it may have been, but it could have been of no use from the fur point of view, for the males do fight in the breeding season and many a fur must have been so ruined that the skin was valueless.

The best furs are the winter furs, and the best of all are winter furs from Scotland and the North of England. Most of the books say that moles go deeper in the winter and suggest that they are more common in the south. If that is so, then they must be easier to catch in the north. I suppose that it depends upon what you call winter. The fact is that December skins from Scotland and Northern England are the most highly-prized, and, personally, I should regard December as a winter month up there.

But mole-catching for fur is a dying craft, a rapidly dying craft. (Moles are now destroyed by strychnine: for no very good reason, as far as I can see, for they certainly do more good than harm except in a garden.) Once moleskin was popular. My father, I remember, had a moleskin cap with nice snug ear-flaps: my mother moleskin gloves. Once it was not uncommon to see moleskin mittens in the shooting field, and once moleskin waistcoats were highly regarded by sufferers from lumbago. Moleskin fur-coats were not disdained. In those days the mole-catcher did not do so badly: it was always a sideline, but a pretty profitable one. Nowadays, the catcher gets about 2d. a skin (and that is a lot more than the Continental catcher gets) and that does not take you far with beer at the price it is. It takes about 350 skins to make a fur coat (there is a big wastage, for the skins must match) and a fur coat sells for £40 to £45. It sounds like a huge profit, but purchase tax accounts for a lot of that sum, and there is all the workmanship, and so forth, to consider.

But at £45 a moleskin fur coat is cheap and will give really good wear. They should be popular. They are not, and the reason for this (it astonished me) is just that they are cheap. It is not apparently a question of fashion, but one of cash. The attitude, it would seem, is that a thing cannot be any good if it does not cost a lot. It is, I suppose, the natural child of the "expense account" and the "never-never." Most of England is now living on one or other—or both.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN GENOA: The deck of the new Italian liner *Leonardo da Vinci* is littered with equipment as she is completed in the Ansaldo Shipyards at Sestri Ponente. The ship will be launched to-morrow (December 7) by Donna Carla Gronchi, wife of the Italian President.

FROM THE STERN: The graceful lines of the largest liner to be built in Italy since the war can be clearly seen. The ship is due to enter the North America Express service of the "Italia" Line next year.

The outcome of up-to-date shipbuilding techniques, the *Leonardo da Vinci* will be the largest liner on the Mediterranean route to be fitted with stabilisers. These are of the Denny Brown retractable fin type. Her sleek hull is about 765 ft. long and she has a gross tonnage of 32,000 tons, with a service speed estimated at 23 knots. Her turbines will develop 60,000 h.p. The *Leonardo da Vinci*, which will be placed on the North America Express Service of the "Italia" Line, will have accommodation on her eleven decks for approximately 1,300 passengers. The vessel is to be fitted with the most modern equipment, comprising radio receivers and transmitters, television, alternating current, and a powerful air-conditioning system which will maintain a comfortable temperature throughout the whole ship, including the promenade decks. Two radar systems are to be installed, one for "true bearing" and the other "Loran" apparatus giving immediately the exact position. She will be the first Italian passenger vessel to be equipped with a water distilling plant, capable of producing approximately 154,000 gallons of fresh water a day. The *Leonardo da Vinci* has been built under the special supervision of the Italian, American and British registers.

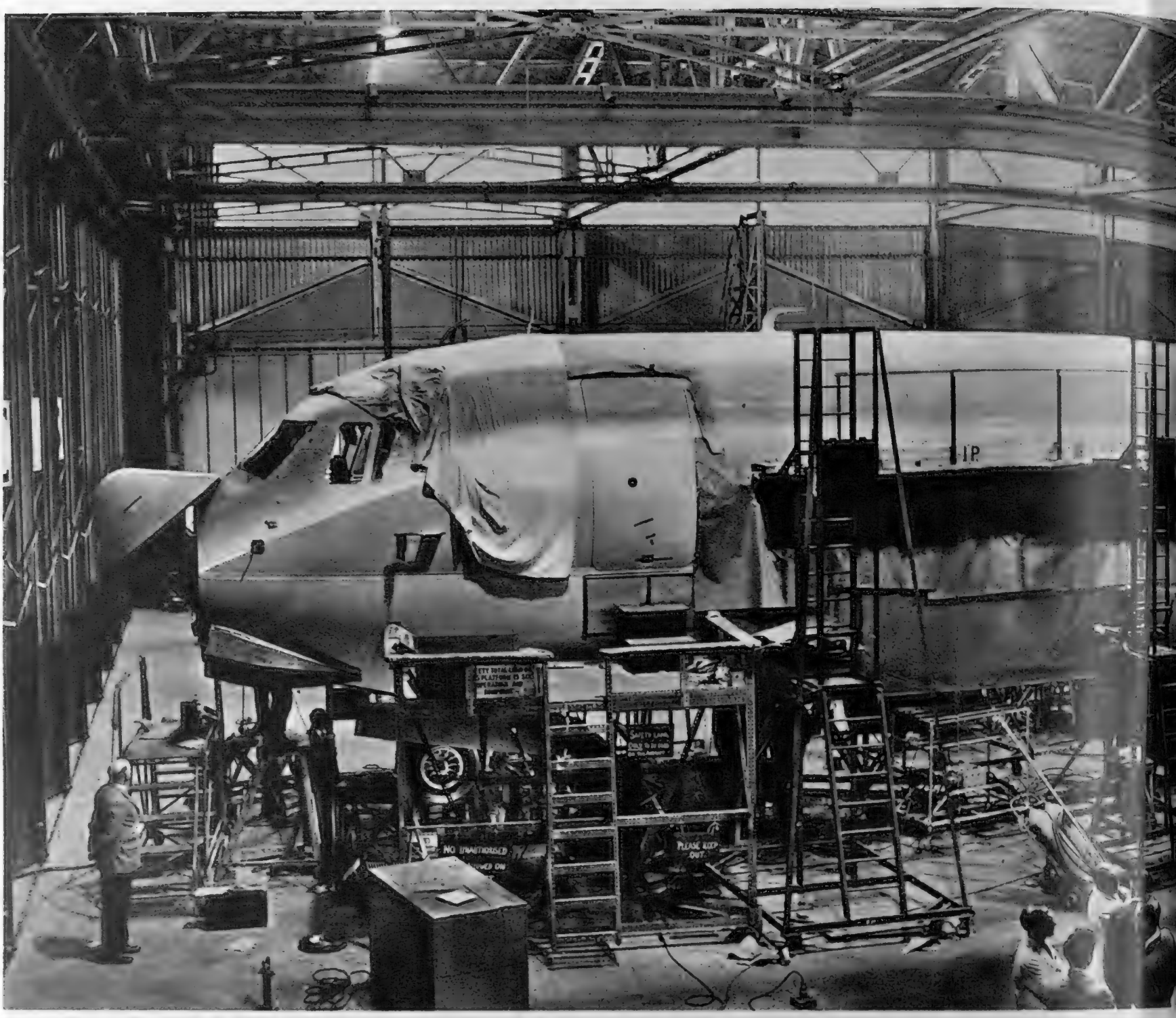
THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI": Work started on the new liner in June of 1957. She was laid in the same stocks as the Italian turbo-vessel *Cristoforo Colombo*.

A New Italian Liner

The "Leonardo da Vinci" on the Stocks; Two Vessels Set Out for the Antarctic

LEAVING THE QUAYSIDE AT SOUTHAMPTON: The motor-ship *Tottan* draws away from harbour at the start of her voyage to the Royal Society's base at Halley Bay, in the Antarctic. She is carrying scientists and technicians of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey to the base, on the Weddell Sea.

THE THIRD JAPANESE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: With a crowd of small pleasure boats and other vessels, the icebreaker *Soya* leaves Tokyo harbour, carrying a team of thirty-seven. The ship is expected to enter the coastal waters of the Antarctic Continent early next year. *Soya*, originally a large lighthouse supply ship, was extensively remodelled in Japan and converted into an icebreaker.



VANGUARD'S PROGRESS

Britain's New Airliner Will Soon Start its Trials

Apart from its original military meaning, the word "vanguard" to-day has a number of connotations. It connotes Britain's remaining battleship, a motor-car, a rocket missile and an airliner. The last-named must now definitely be added to the dictionary because the first of the Vanguard aeroplanes will very soon be off the assembly lines and starting on its flying trials.

The arrival of this airliner, which is a product of the long-established Vickers-Armstrongs company, is one more proof of Britain's ability to lead the world in contemporary technical progress. The running of any airline is a vastly expensive business. The chief concern of the designers of the Vanguard has been to economise in operating costs. This has been achieved in three ways. First, the aircraft is large. It can carry up to 139 passengers. Second, its Rolls-Royce Tyne turboprops have a very low fuel consumption. Third, it is fast. The average cruising speed at 20,000 ft. should be 425 m.p.h.

On left—

THE PILOT'S CABIN: The highly-complicated controls and instruments are being fitted into the cockpit of the Vanguard. The maximum number of passengers will be 139. But if only eighty-three are on board, paying tourist rates, reduced from present fares, the flight should show a 10 per cent. profit.

NEARLY READY TO LEAVE THE ASSEMBLY LINE: The first of the Vickers' Vanguard airliners lies in the company's workshops at Weybridge, in Surrey. Designed from the experience gained with the famous Viscounts, it can claim to be the only turboprop of the second generation. Both British European Airways and Trans-Canada Airlines have ordered Vanguards, which are planned to combine speed with economic operating costs over medium-distance routes. The Vanguard should soon begin flying trials.

A fourth factor should be added—reliability. For the Vanguard has been conceived out of the Vickers-Armstrongs Company's long experience with their world-renowned Viscounts. Indeed, the new airliner can be properly called the Viscount's successor. It is the very first turboprop aeroplane of the second generation.

Some idea of what Vanguard travel will mean to the passenger's pocket can be learnt from the following facts: provided the aircraft is carrying 65 per cent. of its passenger load, a tourist single fare over 239 miles, which now costs £8 17s., could be reduced to £6 5s., and over 1,000 miles from £32 8s. to £17. Besides its passenger load, the Vanguard is specifically designed to take a maximum of freight. Six of the aircraft will soon be off the production line and carrying out flying tests. By the beginning of 1960 B.E.A. should begin receiving their order for twenty. Trans-Canada Airlines have ordered a similar number. Thus once again, Britain will lead the way in air travel.

On right—

AN ESSENTIAL FACTOR: Two Rolls-Royce Tyne 500-series turboprops are in position on a wing at Weybridge. The Vanguard has two of these engines on each wing. The Tynes should give it a cruising speed of 425 m.p.h. Speed, size and low fuel consumption are essentials for economic operation of the airliner.

THE ACROPOLIS OF LINDOS: The ancient Greek city situated on a promontory, 35 miles from Rhodes, can be visited during a Hellenic cruise next spring. The traveller joins the S.S. *Ankara*, of the Turkish Maritime Lines, at Venice, after leaving London on April 2. It is one of many cruises suggested by Gordon Cooper for the early months of the year.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYS AT SEA

Suggestions for Sea Voyages During the Winter and Spring

By GORDON COOPER

THERE are so many opportunities for sea voyaging that within the scope of a single article I can only hope to deal with a few of those that are available. At the same time, it is well to emphasize that certain of these trips are quickly booked, so if you want to be sure of a choice of cabin accommodation it is essential to make early reservations. I recommend, too, that you will do well to make your arrangements through a travel agent specialising in cruises, for they naturally know the ropes and can often offer discriminating advice. I think this advice applies especially to the choice of a cabin—an important matter, for it has to be your little home, often for weeks. The whole pleasure to be derived from a holiday at sea can be considerably lessened by failing to take note of this point.

Perhaps because I recently made a most delightful short cruise in the Q.S.S. *Arkadia*, of the Greek Line, I can recommend with confidence their Christmas and New Year's holiday cruise to Tangier, Las Palmas, Tenerife, Madeira and Lisbon. Sailing on December 20 from London, your sixteen days of cruising will be delightfully interrupted with visits at the varied and outstanding ports of call. Each of them exciting and glamorous—each of them different. As for the ship itself, it is spacious, attractively decorated, has an excellent cuisine, an impeccable service, and while you can if you wish relax, there are also many entertainments available, including an indoor swimming-pool. The prices, too, from £68 up, are most reasonable. I feel quite sure that no one on this particular excursion will be disappointed. This ship is making further trips in the same direction.

Worth noting, too, are the regular sailings by the Greek Line's T.S.S. *New York* between Southampton and Madeira, as ideal a sunshine island as any within easy reach of Britain. This delightful island is also linked with Britain by the regular sailings of the Bergen Line's *Venus*, which maintains a regular service until the end of March 1959. While you may be content to make a round trip to the Atlantic islands of Madeira and the Canaries, I would emphasize that if you wish to make a stop-over stay it is essential to make prior hotel reservations, for the available accommodation is limited. Incidentally, Reid's Hotel at Funchal (Madeira) and the Santa Catalina in Las Palmas can be recommended.

The Bergen Line also offers a choice of four 14-day cruises embracing the Atlantic islands and Mediterranean ports in March and April in *Meteor*, while another Norwegian shipping company, the Fred Olsen Line, offers a journey to the Lofotens and their unique fisheries in two sailings from Newcastle by the M.S. *Braemar*—a 14-day cruise in each case. This is an opportunity to see literally millions of cod fish being collected by 30,000 fishermen.

For those who wish to visit a rich variety of Mediterranean ports I think the 50-day cruise by the *Olympia*, flagship of the Greek Line, is excellent. On its itinerary, calls (with shore excursions) are made at Madeira, Casablanca, Valletta (Malta), Alexandria, Haifa, Rhodes, Istanbul, Sochi, Yalta and Odessa—all in the Black Sea—Athens, Heraklion (Crete), Corfu, Messina, Naples, Cannes, Barcelona, Malaga, Gibraltar, and Lisbon. This superb cruise is operated in conjunction with T.S.S. *New York*, which takes you from Southampton to Madeira, where you join the *Olympia*, which brings you home again from Lisbon. With calls at twenty ports, this cruise seems to offer the best opportunity of seeing the whole sweep of Mediterranean civilisation.

Another suggestion for the Eastern Mediterranean is the first of four cruises operated by Swans in co-operation with the Hellenic Travellers' Club. In this instance, you join the S.S. *Ankara*, of the Turkish Maritime Lines, at Venice, after leaving London on April 2. Calls, with shore excursions accompanied by highly-qualified, well-known guest lecturers, are made at many places of historical and archæological interest, including Delphi, Sparta, Mistra (a medieval Pompeii and one of the most remarkable ruined towns in Europe), Cyrene, Delos and Mykonos, Gallipoli, Troy, Ephesus, Athens (with visits to Daphni and Eleusis), the Ionian Islands, and Dubrovnik. This tour provides opportunities to see some fascinating places which often would be difficult to reach otherwise.

Oceanways is another firm offering Grecian cruises, starting from Venice and calling at many interesting islands. But you really want to study this organisation's brochure to discover the various possibilities available. It lists, for instance, a "Special Connoisseurs' Silver Jubilee Cruise," Venice back to Venice, as well as a 12-day Eastern Mediterranean round voyage; and there is an Easter Classical Cruise (April 7 to April 23) from £68 upwards. Among the places called at on this last-named cruise are Corfu, Olympia, Delphi, Athens, Santorin, Crete, Kos, Patmos, Delos, Mykonos and Piræus.

Another brochure I always study with considerable interest is that issued by Informal Travels, a firm which

SANTA CRUZ DE TENERIFE: The chief town and fortified and most populous of the Canary Islands. Because of there is an important coaling station. The modern lorry

OUTWARD BY CAR— RETURN BY LINER

Up till now it has always been difficult to return from a Mediterranean port to this country by ocean liner. No one has ever seemed to know in advance whether berths would be available, as it depended on how many people had joined the ship at the previous port, usually Port Said. There is now, however, reason to suppose that return passages from places like Genoa, Naples and Gibraltar are much easier to obtain, although those from Lisbon are still extremely difficult.

While the average driver shows a great deal of enthusiasm about the first stage of his journey across France to Italy, the return journey is always a prospect which overshadows the rest of the holiday. It is cheering to know, therefore, that not only passengers can travel back from the Mediterranean but also cars.

Cars may be shipped to or from Gibraltar on the Orient Line for £35, irrespective of weight and inclusive of port charges. For tourist class passengers the same standard charge of £35 is made for cars shipped to or from Naples to the United Kingdom. First-class passengers, however, obtain an interesting rebate. If one passenger is travelling, the charge is £30; if two, £20; if three, £10. For four passengers there is no charge whatever for car freight.

The P & O Line will ship a car back from Gibraltar to the United Kingdom but not out. The car freight charges are 77s. 6d. per 40 cubic feet plus lighterage and car craneage at Gibraltar, which would be, for a car under 1 ton weight, £3 9s., and for a car under 2 tons weight, £5 11s.

The Union-Castle Line from the United Kingdom to Gibraltar charges 40s. per 40 cubic feet plus the charges quoted before. From the United Kingdom to Marseilles or Genoa 58s. 9d. per 40 cubic feet is charged, but details of unloading expenses would have to be added.

Thus the prospect of driving out to Santa Margharita or perhaps to southern Italy can be made more attractive if you know that at the end of the long car journey you haven't to drive back the way you came. This facility opens up all kinds of alternatives, but you would be well advised to make arrangements a long way ahead.

Tourist class berths would be more tricky to obtain than first class. The fares are reasonable enough. For an example, from Naples, tourist single is £24, but first class is £43. From Genoa the fare is £28 and £38 respectively. From Gibraltar, only £15 is charged for tourist single and £25 for first class. Return passages can always be effected and an appropriate saving made.

W. D. C. C.

has specialised in sea tours for very many years. It has the same attractive appeal of a tempting wine price-list.

Among the current offerings I am especially attracted by:

(*a*) a round voyage to the Canaries, with opportunity to spend three weeks in these Islands of Eternal Spring, while a visit is also made at the little-known La Palma (not to be confused with Las Palmas), unique for its jet-black beaches, and in my opinion the most attractive of all the seven islands of the group;

(*b*) by freighter (12 passengers) to Sicily, with calls at some Adriatic and other ports, and with a duration of 4 to 7 weeks, fares £100 to £130;

(*c*) another Mediterranean voyage by freighter, usually to Genoa, Leghorn, Naples and Sicilian ports, returning via North Africa or Spain: cost £100 to £120;

(*d*) round voyages to the West Indies by German freighters or Italian liner, fare from £160;

(*e*) by French fruit freighter to Martinique and Guadaloupe, a 3 to 4 weeks' trip costing from £150;

(*f*) an attractive opportunity to see Indian Ocean islands, as Madagascar, Mauritius and Reunion, the duration being 4 to 4½ months, the cost £330.

Another long-distance round voyage is that offered by the Nederland Royal Dutch Line, taking you to Australian ports via Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Djakarta, and in some cases returning by way of Papeete (Tahiti), Balboa, Miami, and Bermuda. Then there is also, for those wishing to spend Christmas and New Year in summer sunshine, the Royal Mail tour to South America (Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires), leaving London on December 20, the round fare, including hotel accommodation in Buenos Aires, being £339. This same shipping company also offers a Christmas and New Year cruise to Las Palmas, Madeira, Casablanca, and Lisbon, 15 days with fares from £74. Later, in the spring, there is a sailing on April 29 to Trinidad, Antigua and Bermuda, the 23-day round trip costing from £152.

Among other suggestions for winter and spring cruises I would like to draw attention to those on the S.S. *Ariadne*, of the Hamburg-America Line, which cover West Africa, Morocco, Atlantic Isles and Eastern Mediterranean, sailings being on January 14 and February 10, and with a duration of 19 and 25 days. Then there is a cruise organised by Fairways and Swinford and under the auspices of the Society for Hellenic Travel in Greek waters. This cruise on the S.S. *Agamemnon* starts from Venice on April 5 and ends at Marseilles on April 19. Prices are from 82 gns. and calls are made at several little-known ports. Accommodation is also available on the S.S. *Statendam* (Holland-America Line) for a world cruise starting from New York on January 6. Passengers may, however, join the ship at Lisbon on January 13. Minimum rate for the voyage is £1,143, and payment can be made in sterling, and an additional 20 per cent. of the fare can also be paid in sterling to meet expenses on board.

Round tours to Australia and to South Africa are pleasant ways of capturing warm sunshine. There is a round-world service by the Royal Rotterdam Lloyd liner *Willen Ruys* which leaves Rotterdam on March 1 (and on later dates), outward via Suez to Australia and returning via the Pacific and Panama. Finally, I suggest you might like the idea of a leisurely sea voyage to round off a delightful holiday on the French Riviera. You travel out by rail or air, spend seven or eight nights at a resort and enjoy six days at sea on the way home, embarking at Marseilles. Cooks can supply particulars of this holiday. This firm's sea voyaging brochure should certainly be studied by those contemplating a cruise.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Bergen Line, 21, *Cockspur Street, London, S.W.*1.
Fairways and Swinford (Travel) Ltd., 18, *St. George Street, W.*1.
French Line, 20, *Cockspur Street, S.W.*1.
Greek Line, 28, *Piccadilly, W.*1.
Gdynia America Line (*see Stelp and Leighton Ltd.*).
Hamburg-America Line (*see E. H. Mundy Ltd.*).
Lloyd Trestino Line, 35, *St. James's Street, S.W.*1.
E. H. Mundy and Co., Ltd., 87, *Jermyn Street, S.W.*1.
Orient Line, 9, *Billiter Street, E.C.*2.
P & O Line, 122, *Leadenhall Street, E.C.*3.
Royal Mail Line, *Leadenhall Street, E.C.*3.
Union-Castle Line, 3, *Fenchurch Street, E.C.*3.

SPECIALIST TRAVEL AGENTS

Thos. Cook and Son Ltd., *Berkeley Street, W.*1.
D. H. Drakeford Ltd., 60, *Haymarket, S.W.*1.
Informal Travels Ltd., 45, *Queensway, W.*2.
Oceanways Ltd., 23, *Haymarket, S.W.*1 (*for local Greek shipping lines*).
Stelp and Leighton Ltd., 9, *Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.*3.
W. F. and R. K. Swan (*Hellenic*) *Ltd.*, 260, *Tottenham Court Road, W.*1.
Western Shipping and Travel Ltd., 39, *Jermyn Street, S.W.*1.

seaport is situated in the north-east corner of Tenerife, the largest the extensive mole and harbour, large ships can berth close in and and the cart on the quay typify contrasting elements of the town.

CAMARA DE LOBOS: This village is built on the rocky slopes of Madeira. Its name means in English "The Seals' Harbour." Sir Winston Churchill painted this spot in 1950 and since then it has become known as "Churchill" village. Madeira is the most important of the group of five islands belonging to Portugal.

PORTUGAL—IN WORDS AND PICTURES

The Portuguese State Tourist Department has produced a series of pamphlets and booklets for the use of visitors to this charming country. Obtainable in four languages—English, Portuguese, German and French—the colourful and neatly illustrated pamphlets are clear and easy to follow. The translation, although sometimes clumsy, avoids the pitfalls of literalness which so often produce unconscious humour. Beaches, cathedrals, Madeira, Lisbon, and other towns, festivals and traditions are all covered. Perhaps the most welcome of the booklets is one giving full details of hotels and accommodation throughout Portugal. Another is *Lisbon and Its Outskirts*, a pictorial guide with many photographs in colour and black-and-white of this elegant and spacious city.

GORDON COOPER'S HOTEL "OSCARS" FOR 1958

Some months ago I gave my hotel awards for 1957. Now, during the current year I have again slept in well over eighty different hotels and visited (including eating a meal) another 100. From these experiences I consider the following hotels merit special approbation, bearing in mind their suitability for a holiday stay. At the same time I would mention that two of the hotels especially recommended last year—the Imperial at Torquay and the Ripotot at Champagnole (Jura)—have been revisited, and would otherwise be included in my personal recommendations:

Austria: Vienna: The EUROPA (whose cuisine was so excellent that I never wanted to eat out).

France: Goumois (in the Jura): The HOTEL TAILLARD (has a Michelin star, and is the perfect spot for a rest-cure).

Israel: Tiberias: The GALEI KENNERETH (beside the Sea of Galilee. Excellent cuisine—as good as any in Israel).

Italy: San Benedetto del Tronto: The "JOLLY" HOTEL (all "Jolly" hotels in Italy are excellent, but San Benedetto del Tronto is my favourite among the Adriatic resorts). A second recommendation is LE AXIDE at Vico Equense, near Naples.

Germany: Constance: The INSEL—a perfect setting and the best service I have encountered. Also on the shores of Lake Constance there is the HOF REUTENEN, near Lindau; and amid the Harz Mountains, the WEIDMANNSHEIL, in Braunlage, and the SONNE-POST, in Murrhardt, in the restful Swabian Forest—a perfect spot for a rest-cure.

United Kingdom: British Railways are often criticised, but their MANOR HOUSE HOTEL at Moretonhampstead, in Devon, is idyllic and gives you a tonic feeling. I also wish to give a mention to the CAIRNDALE HOTEL (excellent cuisine), in Dumfries, and to the BARON'S CRAIG HOTEL at nearby Rockcliffe.

HERRING HARVEST

Exceptionally Large Catches Off the Scottish Coast

Many fishing-boats from the ports of Scotland are normally off the coast of East Anglia at this time of the season. Last month a herring famine in the English waters sent them home. The early return was well worth while, for in the seas to the west of Scotland, from Ayr past Loch Fyne and Gairloch to the Hebrides, the fishermen found an unexpected plenitude of herrings.

The record landing for one day is reported to have been 3,000 crans at Stornoway. (A cran is a measure of fresh herrings, now fixed at 37½ gallons or about 750 fish.) Average landings have been about 450 crans, which is far above the usual figure. The weather generally has been good, but there have been casualties. One boat was lost off Campbeltown and two men were drowned when another went on the rocks.

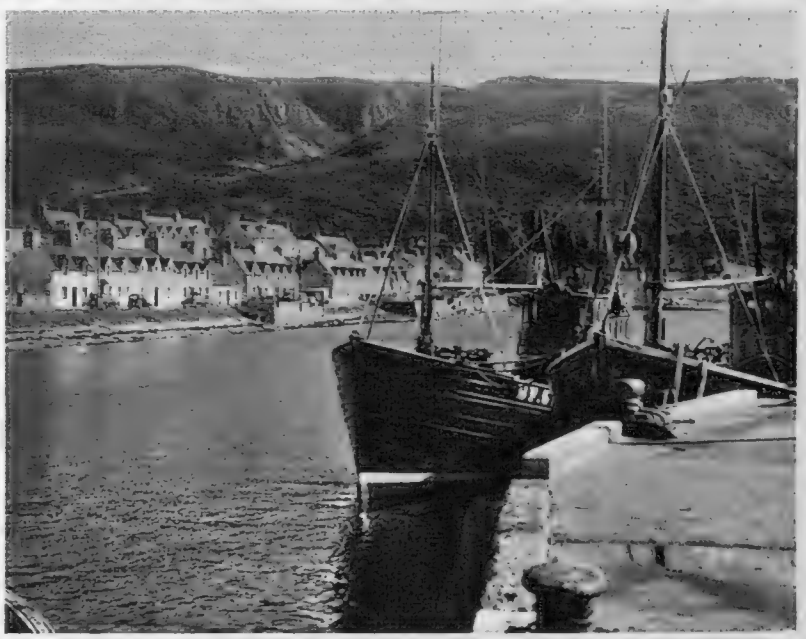
Ullapool, in Ross and Cromarty, is one of the several ports which are enjoying the benefits of this exceptional herring harvest. The town was actually planned as a fishery centre by the British Fisheries Association in 1788. Today it is a most attractive place, with whitewashed houses and buildings lining its bay. The nearest railway is over 30 miles away and usually in the winter the inhabitants lead a comparatively quiet and undisturbed existence. But this year with the Minch teeming with fish, lorries thunder through the streets of Ullapool at all times of day and night.

The boats which tie up at the quay are manned by crews from the East Scottish Coast, as well as from the West. Fishermen from the Moray Firth and from such ports as Gardenstown, Inverness and Buckie are sharing in the boom.

However, the bountiful catches have produced one result which is perhaps inevitable. There is a glut of herrings. Freezing plants and fish-meal factories working twice round the clock cannot cope with the harvest. To avoid the dumping of herrings into the sea, restrictions have had to be imposed on fishing, and it has been banned on certain days of the week. The market for the fish stretches to many parts of the world. Russia is a good customer for salt herrings, but the bulk of the catches is going into fish-meal and oil and other products for commercial purposes.

Tom Weir

A BUSY FISHING PORT: Whitewashed houses are a feature of Ullapool, on the North-West Coast of Scotland. Normally it is quiet in winter, but recently it has been unusually busy owing to an abundance of herrings in the nearby fishing grounds.



REST AND ACTIVITY: Boats are tied up and deserted on a Sunday in Ullapool. *On right*—On a weekday fishermen salt some of their herrings and pour them into barrels. They do this themselves, as special labour for the work is scarce.

A PROSPEROUS COMMUNITY: Gardenstown, in Banffshire, is one of the East Coast ports of Scotland from which boats sail to fish in the Minch off Ullapool. Thus the inhabitants are enjoying a period of prosperity owing to the exceptionally good herring harvest.

DEALING WITH THE GLUT: Catches from the boats are loaded into lorries on the quay at Ullapool. So great has been the glut of fish that markets, freezing plant and factories have been overstocked and restrictions have been placed on fishing.

REAPING THE PROFITS OF FARM MACHINERY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

BRITAIN'S harvest this year could hardly break any records—remember those storms—but it turned out to be a good deal better than many people had feared before it was in. This was in part a matter of the rather odd timing of bad and mild weather: but it was largely a matter of good husbandry—and good equipment. More than any other single factor, one might perhaps put it down to the tools with which the British farmer is now equipped to do his job, more abundantly equipped than any other farmer in the world. The combine harvester, backed by the grain-drier, to-day makes it possible to save corn from fields that ten years ago a farmer would have had to write off as hopeless.

This country's agriculture is perhaps the most controversial of all its industries, though at the same time the most romanticised. The British farmer, somewhat aggressively, always expects to be misunderstood by the townsman, and usually is. The public stereotype of the farmer is twofold. On the one side he stands in a pastoral scene from a calendar, the sturdy English yeoman as ever was, at work at all times and in all weathers, the symbol of unchanging virtues in the traditional English countryside. On the other, when the public eye is rather more jaundiced, the farmer appears as one of an embattled pressure group, advancing behind Sir James Turner on Whitehall every February to haggle about how much he is going to squeeze out of the public purse this year.

Neither stereotype corresponds much to the reality. There is not much left that is traditional about farming to-day; this is a more heavily-capitalised form of technology than most kinds of manufacturing, an industry that has undergone more technical change in the last twenty years than almost any other established in Britain, and one in which physical "productivity per man hour" has advanced faster than in most of the industries of the cities. The agricultural support policies to which British politicians of both parties are committed—as most advanced industrial nations are too—originally arose less from the lobbying of the National Farmers' Union (which was fifty years old last month) than from the strategic necessities that war imposes upon a country which traditionally imported most of its food.

Economists are not lacking to argue that the agricultural support policies inflate Britain's agricultural production, deprive the public of the cheaper food we could get from abroad, and soften competitive pressures upon inefficient farmers. Certainly a major problem in shaping the various kinds of farm subsidy and support price over the years has been the need to stimulate efficiency without feather-bedding. Nevertheless, it is necessary to realise that most of the extra technical efficiency achieved in farming has come precisely in the years of support policies; it has been essentially the guarantee that Britain needed a substantial and prosperous agricultural community which has brought the men and resources back on to the country's farms.

Nor do the repercussions of political support for farming stop in the countryside. The technical renaissance of farming technique in this country, combined perhaps with some other aspects of British economic policy since the war, has engendered the rapid growth of an agricultural engineering industry which is now Britain's fifth largest exporting industry, and the largest exporter of tractors and farm equipment throughout the world.

Manufacture of agricultural equipment is not a new industry in the British economy; but right up to the '30's it was a small one, with a turnover of probably less than £10,000,000 a year at the outbreak of the Second World War. Prolonged depression in the countryside postponed in this country the wave of mechanisation that was sweeping American farming until new policies based on strategic need concentrated this mechanisation into a short period of intense change.

National policy, that is to say, ensured effective demand for British farm products. Rising labour costs, gradually though not entirely closing the traditional gap between a farm labourer's wages and those of the industrial worker in the towns, provided an economic incentive to use more machinery wherever the farmer could. Technical progress, and the dollar shortage of the early post-war years, greatly widened the variety of the agricultural equipment which was offered to the British farmer.

Transatlantic companies and American techniques have played a big part in the development of a powerful agricultural machinery industry. Ford, long established as a British producer of cars, led the way with tractors in the '30's; until the end of the war it worked with Harry Ferguson in using the hydraulic-lift principle of linking implements to the tractor, and from 1947 onwards in competition with him. Ferguson's association with Standard in producing a light tractor to his design, and later his joining with the Canadian company, Massey-Harris, are part of post-war engineering history in Britain. The other giants of North American farm engineering, International Harvester and Allis-Chalmers, equally found that it paid them to manufacture their products in Britain, from which they could export for sterling to a dollar-short world.

This rapidly-developing industry has thus needed little Government exhortation to become interested in exports: for some of its major producers, exports were most of the object of the exercise of setting up manufacture here. As a result, it employs some co-operative arrangements for export that are unknown elsewhere in industry: its Agricultural Engineers' Association Ltd. provides a forum of expert advice for companies contemplating selling to some fresh overseas area. Companies join together in offering complete ranges of farm equipment to major agents in the foreign territories concerned. This year, the agricultural machinery industry expects to sell about £100,000,000 worth of equipment abroad; in spite of increasing competition from Germany, it is still holding the lead in world exports.

Tractors still form the largest single section of these companies' products; this year output has been running at the level of about 160,000 agricultural tractors and 45,000 to 50,000 market garden types a year. In value, the 7,000 or so combine harvesters produced each year probably rank second among farm implements; there are to-day about 43,000 of these powerfully convenient machines on British farms. Few of the machines that a farmer buys are in themselves exceptionally costly; a harvester is one of the only items likely to cost much over £1,000. A tractor costs only a few hundred. In Britain and in most other parts of the world except the United States, the diesel tractor has largely ousted those driven by petrol or "vaporising oil": for a slightly higher first cost, it offers operating costs that are little more than half those of the other type.

These power tools have been the main factor raising productivity in British agriculture over the last two decades; output last year was about 60 per cent. higher than in 1938 with a slightly smaller labour force. The agricultural labourer, again, has of necessity become more of a generalised technician; the farmer is forced to take a wider view of management, in that he has the utilisation of his capital equipment to take into account. Development of equipment is still moving forward in unison with the advancement of other scientific aids to the farmer; new drills are coming widely into use which sow the seed in properly-spaced rows, machines can apply insecticide beneath the topsoil to deal with pests such as wireworm, and a variety of equipment is available for the clearing of waste land that is being brought back into cultivation.

Agricultural engineering is an industry, certainly, that has based its rapid advances partly upon a positive national policy towards farming that was lacking in the inter-war years. On the other hand, its trade association was recently able to claim that of the "top ten" exporting industries it was "the only one that has received no direct Government aid in the form of investment or major long-term contracts." It is a thoroughly commercial industry, with its technical prowess based healthily upon intense competition with America and Germany. Not the least proof of that prowess is that several of the transatlantic manufacturers operating here have found it pays them to have components for their American equipment made in Britain; and that in recent years farmers in the Middle West have been buying British tractors in preference to those of their own makers.

GATHERING IN THE CORN: An International B-250 tractor pulls a McCormick B-64 Harvester Thresher. This year every combine made at International Harvester's Doncaster works has been sold.

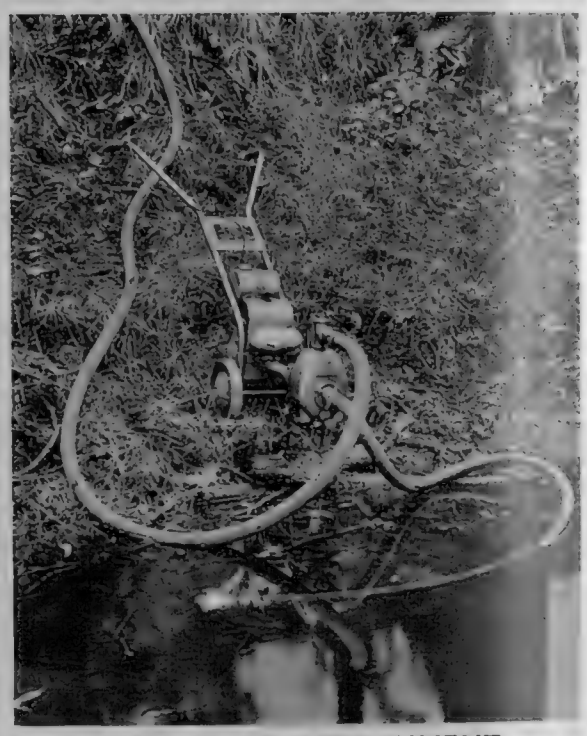
BALING STRAW: The tractor driver watches over his shoulder a McCormick International B-45 Mark II pick-up baler at work. The machine can also be used for hay or silage.

HIGH-SPEED SOWING: A McCormick International SD drill furrows the earth and sows at a high rate as it is drawn by a tractor. It can be used for grain or for artificial fertiliser.

RADAR SIMULATOR SYSTEMS

At the Farnborough, Hants, works of the Solartron Electronic Group Limited, operators work the Solartron Radar Simulator Systems while assistants take notes of aircraft positions. The systems, the first of which is valued at £125,000 and is to be despatched to the Italian Army authorities this month, enable fully realistic training and exercises to be performed without having to use operations staff, airfields, aircraft and radar stations, or to interfere with civil air routes. In the Italian scheme, the system uses analogue computers to simulate both targets, radar stations, attacking and defensive aircraft and electronic counter-measures. Surface vessels or submarines, wholly or partly submerged, and air traffic control systems could also be simulated if required in other of the company's Radar Simulator Systems. The system consists of a number of desk consoles with control panels, a central rack system and two control equipments, each fitted with radar plan position indicators.

AT THE CONTROLS: The two control panels at the back of the desk are identical and represent two aircraft. On the right- and left-hand sides are two computer units immediately concerned with the aircraft.



NEW PUMP ATTACHMENT

Among the fully comprehensive range of equipment and cultivating machines which Landmaster Limited, of Hucknall, Notts (a member of the Firth Cleveland Group), will have on display at this year's Smithfield Show is this entirely new attachment, a water pump, for their Gardenmaster "80" and "34" machines. Suitable for either model, it has a capacity at full throttle of approximately 1,000 gallons per hour, a 20-ft. lift and a 45-ft. head with a 5-ft. lift. It can be used for solids up to ¼ in. The Gardenmaster "80" is a 1½-h.p. cultivator suitable for medium-size gardens and small commercial growers, while the ¾-h.p. "34" model is suitable for small gardens. The Smithfield Show and Agricultural Machinery Exhibition is being opened at Earls Court on Monday. It continues until next Friday, December 12.

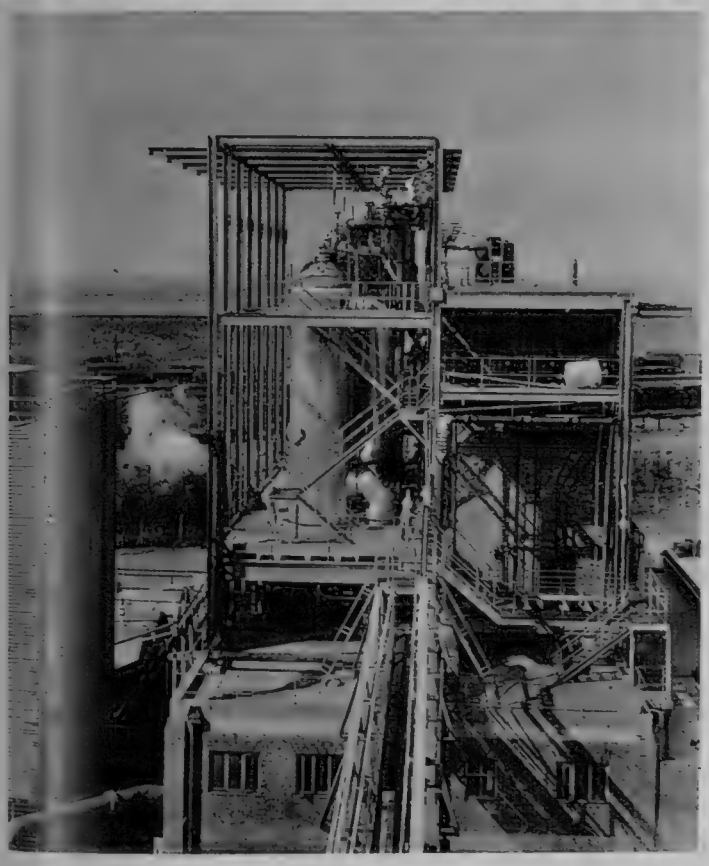
DEPARTMENT OF RESEARCH AND TECHNICAL DEVELOPMENT

The new building for Stewarts and Lloyds Ltd., at Corby, in Northamptonshire, houses the Central Office and the Corby branch, which, in addition to general investigational and research work, deals with fundamental research, particularly with regard to high-temperature steels and the manufacture of special steels. Consisting of two wings, the building is "L"-shaped, connected by a central administrative block. The wing on the left has three floors, the first devoted to metallurgy, the second to photography and the third to chemistry. In the basement of the administrative block (centre) is the spectrographic equipment and the plant supplying various services to the buildings. On the top floor are various offices and part of the new Construction and Development (Tubes) Section. The wing (right) houses the Engineering Section and the Instrument Section. It is planned that in the future, extensions may be added to this wing. In the rear of the whole structure are test-beds for structural work, a test-bed for hydraulic experiments and an electrical substation. *On right*—The amount of window area can be seen in this view of part of the General Analytical Laboratory.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

PEROXIDE FUEL PLANT

Recently at Warrington, in Lancashire, Laporte Chemicals Ltd. opened the only peroxide fuel plant in this country to provide High Test Peroxide fuel for rocket motors and guided weapons. Left are the works seen from the east. In the foreground, centre, is the plant for the manufacture of hydrogen, and the stack surmounting the furnace in which the butane (the raw material) is "cracked." Behind are the main aluminium columns of the hydrogen peroxide plant. The brick building, left foreground, houses the main servicing equipment, the control room and offices. Built at a cost of about £2,500,000, the plant produces High Test Peroxide by a new method of manufacture. Besides its use in guided weapons, it is available as a bleaching agent and chemical intermediate. The process uses butane, supplied from a local oil refinery, which in the presence of steam and a catalyst, yields hydrogen and carbon monoxide. The latter is removed by reacting with steam over another catalyst, forming more hydrogen and carbon dioxide. After the carbon dioxide is removed the hydrogen is further purified. In the distillation plant the hydrogen peroxide is concentrated. The first supplies were produced in October of this year.



THE STORAGE OF BUTANE: At Laporte Chemicals' Baronet Works, in Warrington, the raw material is kept in Horton spheres, each 20 ft. in diameter and holding 26,000 gallons. *On left*—In the distillation plant, the hydrogen peroxide which comes from the main works at only about 20 per cent. strength is purified and concentrated. Here High Test Peroxide for use in rocket motors is prepared.

On right—

FUELLING AIRCRAFT

The new aircraft fuelling facilities at London Airport were installed by Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. at a cost of more than £600,000. They consist of a storage depot at Perry Oaks (seen on right) on the west side of the airport, from which fuel is fed by a buried pipeline to another new depot in the Central Area, three-quarters of a mile away. A third new depot in the maintenance area on the east side of the airport will give Shell-Mex and B.P. an ultimate total storage capacity of more than 1,500,000 gallons of fuel. At the Perry Oaks depot there are four vertical storage tanks (the biggest holding more than 150,000 gallons) and eight smaller horizontal tanks. All the tanks have an automatic floating suction device (to ensure that fuel is only drawn from the top layer) and the main tanks have automatic contents gauges. Ten electrically-driven centrifugal pumps have been installed on an open pump platform. They have remote push-button control, the largest being capable of moving 350 gallons a minute. An adjoining building contains a mess room, a heated locker room and a depot office.

The World of Books

"BONANZA QUEEN"

The Career of an American Hostess; The Court of Louis XIV; Books About Greece, the Middle East and China; Political Murders; Roman Britain; Two New Simenon Thrillers

IN this day and age we are used to hearing about people of fabulous wealth; look at all the stories about fabulous Greek millionaires and oil tycoons, for example. But the phrase, "bonanza queen," may not be as familiar to our ears. Mrs. Ellin Berlin has written the story of one and, since this was her own grandmother, the writer is in a position to know. It is nearly a hundred years ago since a silver miner, one John Mackay, told his wife that one day she would have the whole damn world on a silver platter. Five years after that he found his silver mountain, the heart of the Comstock Lode, which made him a multi-millionaire and started Louise Mackay off on her glittering career as a hostess on an international scale.

Mrs. Mackay, wanted to be the best-known hostess in the world and to wipe the eye of all the society leaders in New York who had snubbed her when she first went there with her husband and his torrent of silver dollars. She succeeded in some measure and her indulgent husband cheered her on, remaining rather prudently in the United States for a great part of the time while Louise entertained in a palace looking out on the Etoile in Paris, or in her vast London house in Carlton House Terrace, at Cowes or in the south of France. The bonanza queen had made good in her own terms. She had entertained Royalty and vied with them in her jewellery; she was internationally known and she could return to her own country with a secure social position. SILVER PLATTER (Hammond and Hammond. 25s.) tells her story with an affection that borders on the pious and with a wealth (appropriately enough) of detail. Mrs. Berlin has given an excellent picture of the times in one of its more vulgar aspects.

SAINT-SIMON AT VERSAILLES (Hamish Hamilton. 30s.) are memoirs of a very different sort, though it cannot be denied that the Court of Louis XIV was by no means free from a charge of vulgarity. The admirable selections as well as the translation have been made by Miss Lucy Norton, whose taste seems to be as fine as her industry, for the passages she has chosen are designed to show not only the Court as it really was, in all its magnificence and its constant atmosphere of intrigue, but also to include those pages which show the Duc de Saint-Simon himself with all his talents and absurdities. Saint-Simon was a prototype of the man who "dearly loved a duke," although he himself was one and his preoccupation with the *minutiæ* of social distinctions was amazing, even for that period.

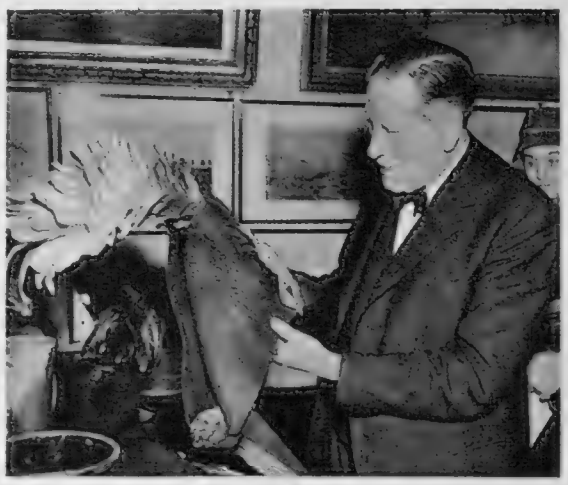
Saint-Simon was writing of the last twenty years of the long reign and the reader sees the scene in all its brilliant and colourful movement. For all its length, this is a book of unflagging interest. I can't see how fiction can compete against such facts as these.

Unlike the Frenchman of legend who is said to eat much bread, be fond of light wines and dancing, and know no geography, the Englishman is a natural traveller, and the next group of books, spirited, intelligent and unconventional, would seem to support that theory. FIRST STEPS IN GREECE (Chatto and Windus. 25s.), for instance, is Mr. Patrick Anderson's record of a journey he took recently with more enthusiasm than funds and with a boundless store of curiosity and a more than adequate camera. Not like any other book of Greek contemporary travels that I have read and none the worse for it.

EGYPT (Benn. 30s.) and its companion volume, IRAQ (Benn. 27s.), are the newest productions in the series of "Nations of the Modern World." For anyone who has real knowledge of the countries in question they might serve as a crisp form of refresher course and for the majority of readers as sensible introductions to far-away places of vital importance. Mr. Tom Little, who writes about Egypt with the genuine authority of his experience as Middle East expert, correspondent to *The Times*, the *Observer* and the *Economist*, and an influential figure in the Arab News Agency, gives a cogent summary of the country's history up to present times. By this method the author has hoped to show that President Nasser was not simply a precocious and rootless young officer who grabbed power for himself, but a link with the aspirations of the people and that indigenous movement of revolt which existed before he came into power. On the Suez intervention, by the way, Mr. Little is particularly—and provocatively—outspoken.

Brigadier Stephen Longrigg and Professor Frank Stoakes have comparable authority to bring to their study of Iraq, both through years of residence, and of study and practical administration. Their book is of highly contemporary interest and a great deal more than a useful handbook on the past and present situations in this vital country of the Middle East.

THE CHINESE SMILE (Hutchinson. 21s.) is a sympathetic, understanding and very illuminating account of China as one traveller found it recently. Mr. Nigel Cameron writes with humour, as much detachment as is reasonable in a sensitive observer and that enquiring spirit which is at the heart of every good book of travel talk. As a "long nose," or foreigner, he, too, was a natural object of curiosity, but he appears to have responded to friendliness wherever he found it on his voyaging and, in return, to have collected an abundant mass of information. After his long trip, when a Hong Kong reporter asked him what his main impression of China was, he answered: "Hopefulness," and this is the keynote of these travel sketches.



THE BRITISH ARMY—ITS UNIFORMS AND BATTLES: At the Parker Gallery, in Albemarle Street, Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck examines a Colonel's cocked hat of 1830. It is one of the many pieces of uniform and equipment of the British Army on show at an exhibition being held at the gallery until December 20. Among the exhibits of special note is the original water-colour by Edward Dayes of the 42nd Regiment of Foot, the Black Watch, *circa* 1790. Two oil paintings by Henry Martens show the 12th Lancers crossing the Orange River in South Africa and the 31st East Surrey Regiment at Ferozeshah in the Sikh War. Both of these paintings were engraved in aquatint and published as prints in 1847.

War experiences are the subject of the next two books, contrasted as they are. Rear-Admiral Ben Bryant, C.B., D.S.O. and two Bars, D.S.C., has written his memoirs as commanding officer of a submarine, in ONE MAN BAND (William Kimber. 25s.), and a rousing, true story of adventure it is, especially when one considers that the author survived more patrols than any other submarine commander. In his wartime career he torpedoed or destroyed by gunfire thirty-two enemy ships, damaged a great many more, landed and took off agents from Occupied Europe and took a very efficient crack at Rommel's supply lines in the Mediterranean. Written crisply and with an exceptional ease of expression.

END OF A HATE (Cassell. 15s.) is Mr. Russell Braddon's sequel to *The Naked Island*, and is a courageously-titled story of his own experiences after being released from a Japanese P.O.W. camp at the end of the war, getting safely home to his family in Queensland, having a bad breakdown and later setting out on a lecture tour which took him to South Africa, Europe and eventually England. The British, he has decided, are the maddest people on earth, but it was from them that he learned a philosophy which altered his attitude and which made it possible for him to say: "If there is one thing which to-day I loathe more than hatred, that thing is conflict."

HEYDAY FOR ASSASSINS (Heinemann. 21s.) is Mr. John Williams's study of eight separate killings in the forty years that spanned the final third of the nineteenth century and the First World War. Mr. Williams closes his account with Sarajevo and the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, that prologue to catastrophe, but he could, as we know, have extended it to a long list of political murders and fanatical savagery. His book is something of a curiosity; readable though gloomy.

Any properly-brought-up child knows a great deal about the Romans in Britain from reading (or listening to) *Puck of Pook's Hill*, but for less fortunate adults there is Mr. Leonard Cottrell's book, THE GREAT INVASION (Evans. 21s.), with its clear-cut maps, its sensibly-chosen illustrations and the straightforward, evocative text which almost inspires one to start out on one's own exploratory tour of Britain's Roman remains.

THE QUEEN'S WARDS (Longmans. 42s.) is Mr. Joel Hurstfield's erudite study of wardship and marriage under Elizabeth I; a scholarly volume of considerable, though not universal, interest, on an aspect of English government inherited from the Middle Ages and surviving as a "preposterous proceeding" into the sixteenth century.

From the Middle Ages, too, came some of our Christian carols, and Mr. Erik Routley writes of their development and sources in THE ENGLISH CAROL (Herbert Jenkins. 25s.). Timely, candid and individual.

The reputation of Mr. Angus Wilson as an English novelist and writer of short stories stands very high, based on the eight books of different types he has so far produced. THE MIDDLE AGE OF MRS. ELIOT (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is his ninth and, by any standards, his best. That is, if one considers that it is a good thing for a book to be without obscurity, to be immensely readable and to develop a character from chapter to chapter. Mr. Wilson has settled for a plainer style in this long and rewarding book and his readers are likely to be grateful for the stronger sense of plot and the clearer story line which are results of his more cleanly whittled style.

The story concerns an Englishwoman of considerable intelligence and sensibility who tragically and suddenly loses her husband and fortune in two moments of violence. Her attempt to make some kind of a life for herself afterwards and to compromise with poverty, loneliness and her friends' apparent lack of comprehension, is the theme of a moving and intellectually exciting novel.

Thrillers of the week are both by Simenon: INQUEST ON BOUVET (Hamish Hamilton. 11s. 6d.) and MAIGRET'S FIRST CASE (Hamish Hamilton. 11s. 6d.). Both recommended confidently as exercises in the master's best style, with none of the morbid obsession which has marred some of his work.

Vernon Fane

THE DEVIOUS SULTAN

A New Biography of Abdul Hamid II

ABDUL HAMID II, Sultan of Turkey, was born in 1842 in a harem of 500 females. He was brought to power by the group of Liberals who had deposed his predecessor (a sufferer from alcoholic deterioration), and the Sultan inaugurated his reign by proclaiming a constitution for Turkey. Even so, the circumstances in his country at the time of his accession were ill-adapted for liberal developments, and the Sultan pursued his own devious and astute courses, tending to play-off the powers one against the other. Joan Haslip has written a remarkably lively biography of this, in every sense of the word, intriguing man. She simply calls it THE SULTAN (Cassell. 25s.), and her attempt in the main is to show how Abdul Hamid set about securing his country's safety despite the warring elements surrounding him outside and inside Turkey. This man, whose autocracy and tyranny were a by-word in Europe, could be the most charming and gentle of hosts when it suited him, and Miss Haslip certainly succeeds in revealing his many-sided character.

Harold Acton's THE LAST MEDICI (Methuen. 32s.) first appeared in 1932. Now it emerges in a new and revised edition, and very welcome it is. While biographies of the early Medici abound, this is still the only book dealing specifically with the decline of that great family whose name is inseparably connected with Florence and the fine arts.

Christopher Trent's ENGLAND IN BRICK AND STONE (Anthony Blond. 30s.) is a survey of our great heritage of buildings. The writer approaches his subject from an historical, sociological and architectural point of view, but it may seem to the reader that he is most at home when dealing with the two first-named categories. Mr. Trent traces English building from Saxon times to the present day, using a wealth of good photography to emphasize his points. When he comes to the contemporary scene he is not always accurate, and the assertion that England will never see skyscrapers on the lines of the American giants is belied by what is happening in London at this very moment. Several buildings of over 300 ft. are already out of the planning stage and under construction. Mr. Trent is on surer ground when he examines the position of the artist in relation to architecture, praising the work of monumental sculptors, like Epstein. However, he keeps slipping into errors of fact and judgment at nearly every turn, and town-planners simply will not accept his statement that their battle-cry is "Six houses to the acre!" For the most part the town-planner is content if only he can provide buildings that accord with human needs and the human scale.

Edward Armstrong's THE FOLKLORE OF BIRDS (Collins. 30s.) is an unusual and especially interesting addition to the New Naturalist series. Mr. Armstrong has selected a number of familiar birds, such as the swan, the raven, the owl, the robin and the wren, and has traced magic-religious beliefs concerning them as far back in time as possible to the cultures in which these beliefs arose. Mr. Armstrong's task is very much more than that of the skilled ornithologist, and he has carried it through supremely well.

ANANIAS AND. . . SOPHIA

A rehash of old scandal about important people—above all about Royalties—will always find plenty of readers. But Mrs. Iremonger has written, and will write, a better book than LOVE AND THE PRINCESS (Faber. 25s.).

What perhaps began as a hopeful effort to solve a minor historical mystery was switched (for total lack of proofs) to a tract attacking the Royal Marriages Act of 1772, and, indeed, into a case-history of Hanoverian mental instability. As a result, the book is no contribution to history, proves nothing not already accepted, and is discursive and not always lucid. It is common ground that our Royal Line from George I down to George V inclusive (with the sole exception of Edward VII), proved to be tragically lacking in understanding and sympathy towards their legitimate offsprings; that the daughters of George III spent a childhood, youth and middle age of unexampled wretchedness, in part due to their father's selfish affection for them, and that a scandal attached to Princess Sophia, the sixth daughter, which raised contemporary gossip to fever heat. The one proof which Mrs. Iremonger contributes is heartening in 1958. The snoopers and columnists to-day are saints and angels when we appreciate, as she makes us do, the freedom of the Press in the matter of libel and gross insult in the early nineteenth century. It remains to say that Princess Sophia's mystery is still an unsolved historical mystery. There is no evidence which a High Court Judge would accept, even that Princess Sophia had a son, that General Garth (less still Papendiek) was the father, if she bore a son; or that Tommy Garth, the blackmailer, was her son or Garth's. Even Garth's will suggests that his nephew of the same name had a better right to inherit his northern estates. In short, the ugly dust stirred settles again on this sorry affair, which even Greville failed to penetrate when the trail was hot. There are tiresome slips, too, in a historic investigation in which accuracy is vital—"*Betty*" Ord, "one Cecilia Buggin," and so on. There was nothing "unorthodox" in the marriage ceremony of Lady Cecilia Underwood to the Duke of Sussex. Drawing-room marriages were the fashion. Sophia's tragedy remains unproven, and I rather hope no one will stretch her out further on the rack of this rough world.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Beer is a subject interesting to very many, and now that it is brewed by chemical scientists and served in bright, clean and graceful locals, beer and books on brewing should be bright to the last drop. Sir Sydney Nevile, cadet of an ancient line, was apprenticed to the trade when *I* was two years old and has seen it through all its subsequent progress and difficulties and very greatly helped it to its present eminence. In his SEVENTY ROLLING YEARS (Faber. 25s.) he tells the story of his career and the progress of the trade. He joined Whitbread's in 1919 in which firm he became a leading spirit, and he is a panegyrist of the old firm and of the generations of Whitbreads from Samuel I, who founded it in 1742, down to the present chairman, Colonel William H. His business took him all over the world, his experience and ability made him a trusted leader in the wider field of industry and made contacts for him with many public figures; and these journeys and contacts he records with enthusiasm and good humour. As a licensing magistrate I do what I can to cherish his ideals, and now I almost regret my indifference to beer. When intemperance is on the increase, beer is best. **John Gore**

David Thomas has rather fallen between two stools in relating the exploits of British destroyers in the Second World War. In the first place he does not go into enough diagrammatic detail in relation to the encounters he so vividly describes, and in the second place he fails to relate these encounters to the wider picture of naval warfare. Despite this, WITH ENSIGNS FLYING (William Kimber. 21s.) is a most readable book, and a great tribute to a fighting force that had the aggressive spirit in full measure, not least in the bitter battles of the Malta convoys, the great engagement in the Java Sea, and the dreadful May battles in Cretan waters when the skies were dominated by German dive-bombers. Appendix I reveals the terrible toll of losses suffered by the destroyers in battles ranging across the seven seas. Appendix II, another long list, recalls the U-boat kills achieved by this gallant and highly-geared destroyer force.

Norman Levine went to school in Ottawa, and later to McGill University, so he has more than a passing knowledge of Canadian affairs. But what a jaundiced view he takes of this great country, how sordid and corrupting he finds its way of life. CANADA MADE ME (Putnam. 25s.) is a depressing piece of work written as if the author's eyes were ever on the ground. Summing up, he says: "It was foolish to believe that you can take the throw-outs, the rejects, the human flickabouts from Europe and tell them 'Here you have a second chance; here you can start a new life.'" Mr. Levine clearly does not like his country for the things he is supposed to admire it for, and he is not very willing to gloss over Canada's faults as he sees them. There is no doubt that many people will call his judgment into question. R. C. E.

PUTTING A VILLAGE BACK ON THE NORFOLK BROADS MAP: Along a stretch of the River Chet, a tributary of the River Yare, at Loddon, in Norfolk, dredging operations are in progress during the re-establishment of a derelict mooring staithe. The picture was taken a year ago and some idea of the same scene as it is to-day can be gained from the picture at the bottom of the page, taken six months later. For over fifty years the Chet had been too shallow for safe navigation other than at high tide. At a cost of £3,000, the River Yare Commissioners dredged the channel separating it from the main river, and the Broads hire-boat organisation, the Norfolk and Suffolk Broads Yacht Owners Association and the parish council re-established the landing-stage.

CRUISING ON THE BROADS

BEFORE AND AFTER: *Left*—A dredger prepares to negotiate a curve in the river. It had worked its way up the three-and-a-quarter-mile stretch of the Chet from its junction at Hardley Cross with the main River Yare. *Right*—A boat makes its way to the landing-stage. The channel is now clear and navigation safe for craft at all tides.

A NEW PORT OF CALL ON THE NORFOLK BROADS: Craft are moored to the new staithe. A 60-ft.-long wooden quay, with mooring posts, has been erected and a freshwater standpipe installed with a long-length hose to service visiting boats. The 300-ft.-long site has been levelled and covered with grass. Hanging baskets of flowers complete the transformation. Since it was opened, it is estimated that nearly 1,000 craft have moored there overnight.

COMEDY AT COVENT GARDEN

A Revival of "Der Rosenkavalier" at London's Royal Opera House

A story which has wide currency in music circles concerns Richard Strauss and *Der Rosenkavalier*. In his later years he found himself conducting a performance of the opera. During the third act, it is alleged, he leant over to the first violin and murmured: "Isn't this dreadfully long?" To which the orchestra leader replied "But you composed it." "I know," said Strauss, "but I never imagined I'd have to conduct it." Like most musical anecdotes this one is probably apocryphal, but there is point in its substance. *Der Rosenkavalier* can be of exhausting length and the art of the producer is to avoid heaviness and to bring out the humour of the plot and the fine music. Mr. Christopher West succeeds admirably in doing this in the revival of the opera which came into the current Covent Garden repertoire last week. Miss Claire Watson, makes a splendid debut at the Royal Opera House as the Marschallin. The rest of the cast combine with the conductor Mr. Rudolf Kempe to give of their best.

AFTER THE ASSAULT: Baron Ochs (played by James Pease) has his leg on a chair after he is wounded in the second act of *Der Rosenkavalier* at Covent Garden. In right foreground are Sophie (Joan Carlyle) and Octavian (Hertha Töpper).

IN THE BOUDOIR AND LATER: The Marschallin (Claire Watson), who is a Field Marshal's wife, sings with Baron Ochs in the opening scene of the comic opera by Richard Strauss. *On right*—They are seen in a later episode in *Der Rosenkavalier*.

MISTRESS AND PAGE: The Marschallin takes a cup from the tray carried by Mahomet (Billy Manghin), who in the conclusion of the opera shows where his true devotion lies. The conductor of the revival is Rudolf Kempe.

"THE KNIGHT OF THE ROSE": Sophie accepts the rose from the Rosenkavalier. Thus a tradition is turned to good use and the comedy reaches a happy conclusion. In its production of *Der Rosenkavalier*, the Royal Opera House extracts the full humour of Hofmannsthal's libretto.

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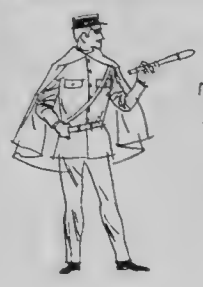

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TAKING A TOSS

In a Mishap in the Hunting Field in Denmark Neither Horse nor Rider is Injured

On right—

RIDING FOR A FALL: During a hunt in Denmark Mr. Valloe, of Nakskov, riding a grey, comes up to a hurdle. It is obvious that he is starting his jump far too late. *Below*—The inevitable has occurred. Both rider and mount have fallen and Mr. Valloe is almost hidden beneath the rolling animal. It looks a most dangerous situation and many of the onlookers feared that the rider would be stunned and possibly receive serious injuries. The horse, too, it was thought, would probably be injured. However, in the event these gloomy anticipations were not realised. Mr. Valloe, as the series of pictures show, was able to pick himself up, with only a few bruises. The grey was reported to be entirely unhurt.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION: The horse kicks up its legs as it comes down on top of the rider. Mr. Valloe seems to be in danger of being crushed in his chest and possibly suffering from his mount rolling over his head.

On right—

A LUCKY ESCAPE: The horse is on its feet again. Mr. Valloe is still on the ground, grasping his cap and no doubt taking a little time to realise that he is not hurt. Nakskov is on Lolland Island, to the south of Zealand.

THE "EMPRESS ROMANCE"

A Beautiful Flower in Singapore Blooms and Withers During the Space of One Night

On left—

IN BLOOM FOR ONLY ONE NIGHT: The "Empress Romance" is seen one hour before it blooms. It only starts to open in the dark. This specimen of the flower, called by the Chinese "Keng Hua," is owned by a banker in Singapore. It only occasionally blooms. According to legend, the origin of the flower was in Old Cathay. An Empress lived there who dreamed that a handsome warrior visited her every night while her husband was away at the wars. On his return, she was delighted to tell him she was pregnant. He accused her of adultery and beheaded her. White blood flowed from her body and spattered a cactus plant which started to flower. *Below*—The "Empress Romance" in full bloom.

AS DAWN APPROACHES: At 4 a.m. the "Empress Romance" starts to fade and wither away. During its brief life of three hours in the middle of the night, it gives off an exotic scent. The petals are pure white in colour.

On left—

THE SUN RISES: At 6 a.m. in the morning light in Singapore, the flower hangs limp and withered. An "Empress Romance" flowers so rarely and so briefly that this specimen may never be in bloom again or, anyway, seen in all its beauty.

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Kon-Tiki Balloon

Preparations for Drifting Across the Atlantic

A unique adventure in the air is planned to start shortly. Four intrepid people are hoping to drift *Kon-Tiki*-wise across the Atlantic, but through the air instead of on the sea. Their craft is a balloon aptly named *The Small World*. After satisfactory tests at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, last week, it was packed up in crates and sent to Southampton for shipment to the Canary Islands. If all goes according to schedule, the flight or drift should begin westwards from Tenerife some time in the coming week. Much, of course, must depend upon the weather conditions. The shortest distance for the aeronautical voyage over the South Atlantic will be 2,000 miles. No firm forecast can be given of the time likely to be taken.

The crew of four consists of Mr. A. B. Eiloart, a fifty-one-year-old company director, who is the commander; his son Timothy, aged twenty-one, in charge of the radio and scientific observations; Mr. Colin Mudie (thirty-two), a naval architect and designer of *The Small World*, and his wife Rosemary (thirty), navigator and photographer. Their quarters will be in the car or basket measuring 15½ ft. by 8 ft., which can be transformed into a water-tight boat should it be necessary for them to "ditch." The crew would then hope to finish the crossing by sea. Ingeniously contrived propellers worked by foot pedals should maintain the balloon at an average height of 800 ft., at which it is intended to drift. A hydrogen generator to replace lost gas in the balloon has welded into it an aluminium saucepan which can absorb waste heat from the plant and be used for cooking.

Below—

AIDS TO NAVIGATION: The four members of the crew of *The Small World* have their feet on pedals providing power for two horizontal propellers outside the car which are used for increasing or decreasing the height of the balloon. The car is designed to be turned into a boat in case of emergency.

TESTING THE TRANSATLANTIC BALLOON: *The Small World* rises into the air at Cardington, in Bedfordshire. It carried out successful trials last week with a view to making a crossing of the Atlantic in the near future.

THE CREW: In the car of the balloon are, from the right: Mr. Eiloart, the commander; Mrs. Rosemary Mudie; Mr. Timothy Eiloart (behind her) and Mr. Colin Mudie.

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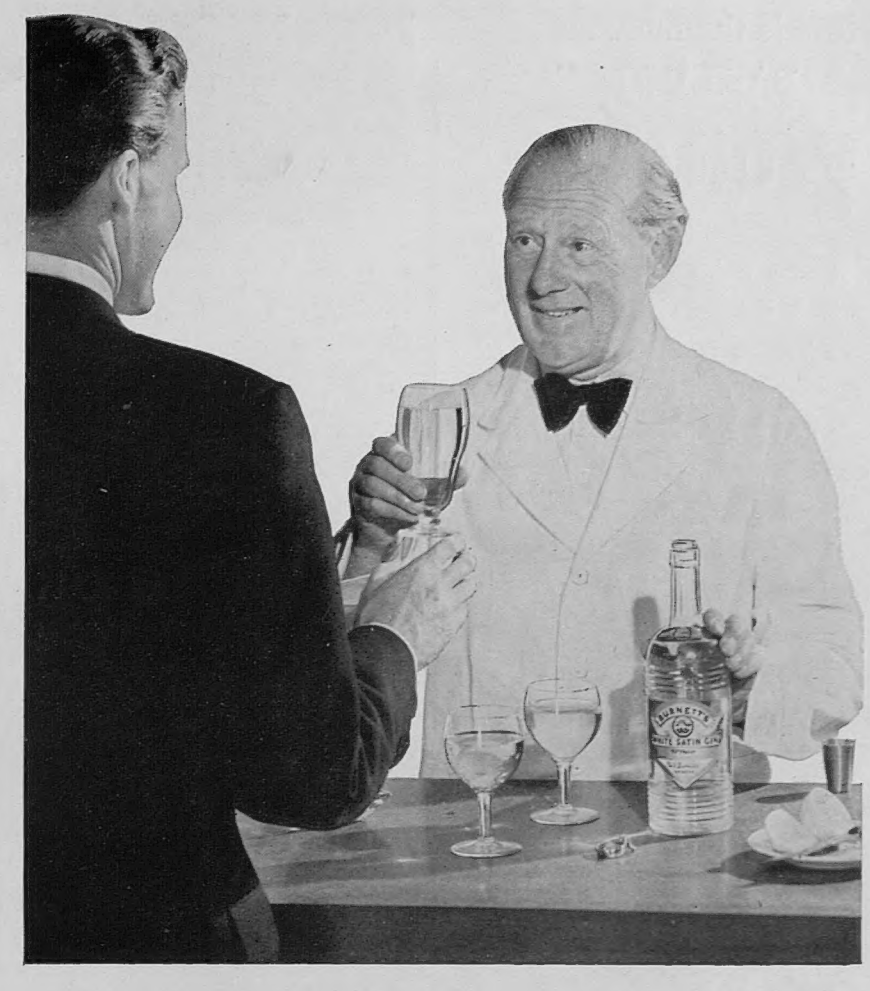

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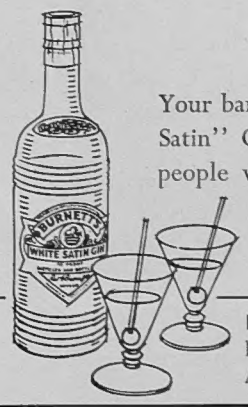

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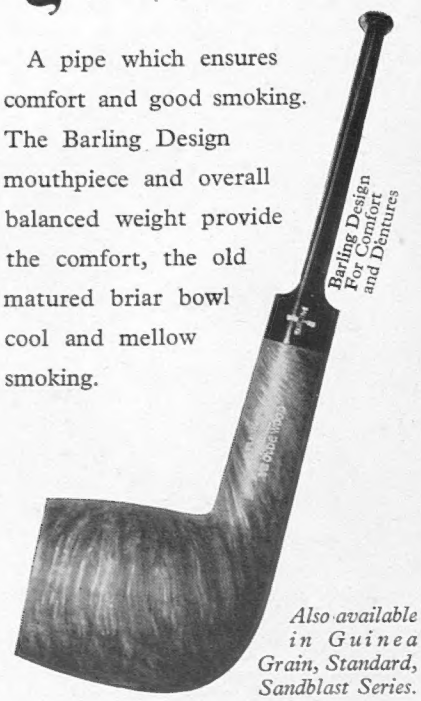

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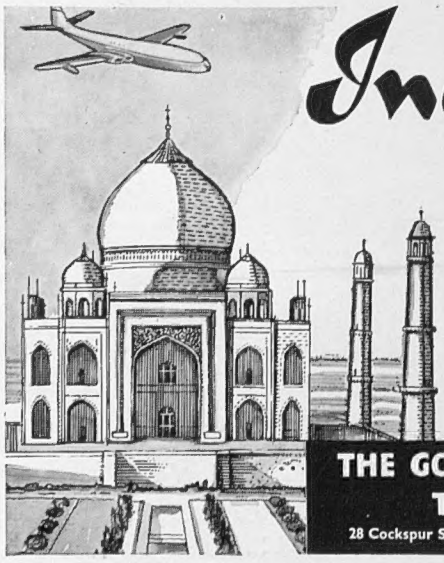

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